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CAPTAIN TED:

BEING THE LIFE STORY OF

CAPTAIN EDWARD IRONS,

OF

THE SALVATION ARMY,

LARGELY WRITTEN WITH HIS OWN HAND.

BY G. S. RAILTON.



THE SALVATION ARMY STORES,
LONDON—272, WHITECHAPEL ROAD, E.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.—45, SOUTH 3RD STREET.

1880.

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PREFACE.

THIS story is of value, especially in showing from what sort of an inner life the operations of The Salvation Army spring. The Officer who, whilst maintaining a high position and a glorious fight for God, so endeared himself to his men as to be known chiefly as "Ted," has left behind him records, unusually complete, of the inward conflicts and victories which can alone make triumph over earth and Hell possible.

To those, then, who "cannot make out" the meaning of the bold, enthusiastically pushing movements of our Army, and, still more, to those who are really anxious to live for God as fully and as usefully as they can, this may prove a really precious handbook.

But, let me earnestly warn every reader of the great increase of responsibility which the reading of such a story must bring. If, after receiving all the light these pages convey, you still hold back from all that fulness of devotion to God which Captain Ted revelled in, you will never be able to say that it was because you did not know that you could really be all taken up by the love of God, or all spent in His service.

I cannot commend this life in its outward aspects, which you will find were indeed a constant cause of regret and

dissatisfaction to the Captain himself. He could not do all he wished for (not, simply because he was continually troubled with sickness and weakness, threatening him, ever and anon, with death itself. It was the opinion of many who knew him best that he could not for any great length of time have borne the strain of the war. But, if he was unable to struggle in the outer world with that ceaseless and desperate activity which is necessary to victory, and which he continually aspired after, let all who have health and strength bear in mind that to be "The King's Own," in very deed, demands a self-sacrifice which can know no bounds, and which writes itself chiefly, not upon paper, but upon the slain heaps of the battle-field.

G. S. R.

*Philadelphia, U.S.A.
August, 1880.*



CAPTAIN TED.

CHAPTER I.

EDWARD IRONS.

EDWARD IRONS was born at Reading, on the 9th of November, 1856. He was, from earliest infancy, a remarkably bright and intelligent child, and, as he grew older, gave evidence of more than ordinary talents. He was warm-hearted and affectionate, quick-tempered and self-willed at times, but generous and most anxious to please, as a rule. From childhood he was remarkable for his powers of imitation and drollery, which caused him to be regarded as a general favourite. He was ever a leader in all the fun and frolic going on at home, and at school his daring and adventurous spirit continually led him into mischief, which would be followed by sincere, but short-lived penitence, for, at the earliest opportunity, he would rush after more fun and pleasure, heedless of the consequences.

When about nine years old he was convinced of sin, while listening to his mother speaking at a meeting, and sought and found a clear sense of sins forgiven. For many months after this the house rang with his clear child-voice, as he sang.

But these early joys were lost as the boy grew into the youth, and the pursuit of pleasure became the master passion of his young mind. His restless nature sought activity for both mind and body.

He was the life of his home, for he was so full of wit and humour that those who knew him best delighted most in his company, and never wearied of laughing at his pranks.' His love of the ideal and romantic, and distaste for practical subjects, was a source of anxiety to his friends.

When between fifteen and sixteen, tempted by the offer of unusually high wages, he was allowed to leave home and enter on a situation in Bradford, in the wholesale fish and game trade. Here, for nearly five years, his moral career was downward.

He was exposed to temptations such as he had never known before. The theatre, music hall, and dancing room offered great attraction to his pleasure-loving nature. His company was sought after by young men of bad habits, for the sake of his mirthfulness and power to amuse; and in the few months before being joined by the rest of his family, Edward had learned secrets of wickedness and evil habits the like of which, in his godly mother's home, he had never dreamed of.

When that home was restored to him, he had changed from boy to man, and was no longer to be controlled by its authority. His conscience struggled painfully, and he drank more deeply of sinful pleasures to drown its unwelcome voice. He now never entered the Sabbath school, and seldom the house of God, but spent his time with those who were deeply sunk in sin, and who were, by far, his inferiors in knowledge and training. He indulged in sin very deeply, but never in drunkenness. Trained a water-drinker, he had no strong love of intoxicating drink, though he joined his companions in drinking, to a certain extent, but seldom or never to excess. He betted on horses and men on the racecourse, and spent some months in training for running himself. He ran several races one summer.

In the Market and the music room he was the wildest and most bent on securing sinful pleasure.

But he had a praying mother of no ordinary stamp. Says she, "I got the promise from the Lord, when he was a little lad in petticoats, that he should be saved. 'He is a chosen vessel unto Me,' were the words the Lord gave me when I pleaded for him, and I held on to the promise all through his wild career. When he would be going out of an evening, to enjoy sin, I used to pray that God would keep hold of him and help him to gather information which would help him, by-and-bye, to get others converted!" Such faith has never yet been denied. "He was a most affectionate lad, and had made a matrimonial engagement, and then found out that the person was entirely unworthy of his confidence. Under his disappointment I felt if he were not caught he would go astray further than ever. So I got a friend to take him to the Wesleyan Young Men's Bible Class, and Mr. Bedford, its leader, spoke so kindly to him that he was at once laid hold of, and he continued to attend regularly."

But all this reformation left him utterly dissatisfied and unhappy. "I cannot live a religious life," he said, "and I won't be a hypocrite!" He knew perfectly well that he was not born again. He was losing the pleasures of the world, which had been his delight, and yet he had got no better enjoyments to take their place.

Just about this time The Salvation Army was opening fire upon Bradford. Captain Dowdle and his wife, with the "Hallelujah Fiddle," were drawing vast audiences to Pullan's Music Hall on Sundays, and, in spite of opposing mobs, were daily gathering crowds in the open air, and recruiting from amongst the vilest a force which was ever after to stand out boldly for Christ in the town.

Mrs. Irons was amongst the first of the earnest saints of

Bradford to see that this strange people, whose religion abounded as much in gladness as in conflict with evil, were not to be despised, but to be loved by all who cared about the salvation of souls. She tried hard to persuade her son to come to one of the services, and even offered him a sovereign if he would do so; but he kept away, no doubt from that wholesome dread of us which so quickly falls upon the consciously guilty wherever we go.

On Sunday, the 18th of March, 1877, he said to his mother, "It's no use, mother, I may as well give in at once, for I shall never be any better than I am now;" but she cheered him on, and prayed more earnestly than ever that God would save him *now*. At the evening service, in Eastbrook Wesleyan Chapel, the Rev. Sidney Pitt preached on the "Cities of Refuge." As he pleaded, in loving, earnest tones, that sinners would fly to the only true refuge from the wrath of God, Edward trembled and wept. His mother's heart was full of hope and fear, as the prayer meeting commenced, and he remained. At the commencement she was called away to speak with a penitent, and she was obliged to leave him in the hands of God. The young minister came and begged of him to go out and seek for pardon, but he refused, until a good man, whom he knew, came and repeated the invitation perseveringly, and would take no denial. Then he rushed out—in the quiet of the vestry—pleaded with God for pardon, until some little peace came. But quiet vestries are not the places where sinners like Ted Irons often find mercy. He had sinned openly, and common sense taught Wesley and his helpers to lead such sinners to an open confession at a public penitent form.

No wonder that the nominal followers of John Wesley so rarely accomplish the grand results he delighted in, since they have wandered away from the grand old paths

into the quiet and respectable methods which are so ridiculously inconsistent with the principles of Methodism.

Ted Irons was, indeed, in earnest, and breaking away from all his friends, he walked very rapidly, until two or three miles away, he stood beneath the stars, and raising his face to Heaven, pleaded with God for perfect liberty and joy in Christ Jesus. The earnest prayer was granted, and he returned home a new man.

The next evening, Monday, he came to Captain Dowdle's meeting, and said to him, "I'm Mrs. Irons' son; mother told me to tell you I had got saved."

"Oh, Hallelujah. Hold on," said Captain Dowdle, and from that time the young man kept coming to the meetings, outside and in, and was, of course, asked almost immediately to speak. One of his first addresses out of doors was something like this, "It is too late now for me to become a minister, for I have neglected to improve my mind; but, thank God, I can stand up and tell you that I am saved."

His first address indoors was given at a Mothers' meeting, held by his mother, in Leeds, where he said he had been a willing servant to the Devil, and meant to be equally so for the Lord.

He came to all The Army's meetings, and said to Captain Dowdle, "This is the thing for me;" but our Captain, very properly, avoided giving him any encouragement to leave the Wesleyan Society. Upon the same question his mother too refused to influence his mind, saying, when her opinion was asked, "Learn to be guided by God as a little child, and then if you settle it with Him, there will be no fear afterwards." He prayed a great deal about the matter before he came to a decision; but after spending all one Sunday in fasting and prayer, he told his mother at night "'Tis settled! the Lord wants me out into that Christian Mission."

Bitter things have often been said against us, when we have allowed such persons to take their places in our ranks; but although, as a rule, we utterly refuse to receive them, how can we reject those whom God calmly sends to us? The Wesleyans lost Ted Irons just as the Established Church lost John Wesley, for want of enough spiritual life to hold and utilise him. The old glory of Methodism was that it fully occupied and used its converts. The shame and weakness of almost all the churches to-day is that they are utterly without power to grasp, and hold, and make use of the faculties of an energetic nature, so that religion has come to be looked upon as a dull affair, suitable only for very old folks.

So great, and so thoroughly recognised has the helplessness of the churches become, that we see vast associations of young men striving to supply in the form of interesting reading, useful studies, and even mild sports, the want of something to interest the minds of young men, who do not wish to run into sinful pleasure! Fancy setting the dashing young fishmonger down in a pew for two or three hours on a Sunday, and two or three on one or two week evenings, and expecting thus to satisfy his desire to throw himself heartily into the service of Christ! No wonder he said to his mother "I feel cramped, and I want to be free," or explained to Captain Dowdle, "If it had not been for the Mission, I should have been as bad as ever, for I had been used to life, and I must have it now." And no wonder that even after he joined our ranks, it was some time before he could throw off the miserable stiffness which is imported into religion now-a-days, and be as free and jolly a follower of Jesus as he had been of Satan. Oh! when will the wretched follies of formalism give place to the glorious liberty of the sons of God?

CHAPTER II.

THE CADET.

HE had, of course, to endure from his fishmongering associates a storm of persecution from the moment he was known to be on the Lord's side.

"Hold the fort, Ted Irons 's coming,"

they would sing as he approached, and he had to pass along his way under the ceaseless fire of many a fortress of the Devil.

One of his former employers, in fun, offered him a prayer-book. "No, thank you," said Ted, "keep it: you need it, for you can't pray without it, and I can."

When men threw things at him, or otherwise specially tried his patience, he would sometimes say, "You remember the time when you'd have been flying before now if you'd done that." It was all he could do to endure the ceaseless annoyance sometimes. Says his mother, "I have known him rush home at dinner-time, and rush up stairs as if he had been shot, and get upon his knees and groan and cry to God for help."

"Oh! mother, it is hot! I have been having it this morning," he would say.

"Yes, my son," she would reply, "you'll never be good for anything if you can't stand the fire!"

But he frequently needed to be strengthened for the battle, and the needed help he often got in sweet communions with God, and one of his comrades, in a stable, to which he would go as soon as his business was done. Says the partner of those meetings, "He once came, after a hard day's struggle, and seemed to have had a terrible tussel with his evil heart, and the companions, who had aggravated him till he didn't know how to keep his hands to himself. We got on our knees and pleaded with God, and how he thanked God for having given him grace to keep his hands to himself. Then we pleaded for his two mates, and on Sunday we got them to Pullan's. After the preaching service was over he said, 'I'll go on the stage, and you go to them, and I'll plead with God till you get them.' They were both got up on to the stage that night to seek mercy."

He always carried a little Testament about with him, and at mealtimes, or in any moment of leisure, while riding in his cart, he would have his book out, and commit to memory some text for use in the open air. "I don't think," says his mother, "that he read anything but the Bible all the time he remained in the fish trade, after his conversion."

But, so far from his religion interfering with his business, it made him more than ever successful, for he asked God's guidance and help at every turn. As he was going out to sell once, he met another dealer returning, who assured him it was quite hopeless to attempt business that day. Commending his efforts to God, however, Ted felt persuaded to go straight on, and the first tradesman in his round cleared out all his stock. His anxiety to get done with work in time for open-air meetings led him frequently to ask that he might have speedy sales, and he was not disappointed.

His prominent position in every-day life naturally made him, from the first, a most attractive and valuable speaker, and as he very soon began to speak with unusual power, he was listened to with extraordinary interest. When he saw many of the men of his trade at an open-air meeting he would say, "There's a lot of my chaps. Let me have a word."

One Sunday, in the Music Hall, when a speaker had failed to hold the attention of most of the people, and there was a general buz, Captain Dowdle said to Mrs. Irons, "I'll call on your Ted, and you'll see they'll be as quiet as anything." Sure enough, he was listened to with breathless attention.

When speaking in a band once, he told how, that day, whilst passing a certain shop window, he had noticed a number of prizes for race-runners exposed to view. He looked at them, and they called to mind all the old days of his folly; but he said, "I could win them, and I should like them; but, Lord help me, if I had them I'd dash them to the ground," and then he hurried on to his salvation work.

One day, whilst standing in the open-air, he thought he saw Mr. Bradlaugh, the English champion of infidelity, approaching.

"Be quiet," said Captain Dowdle to his men, who were all eager for a chance to declare what they knew of Jesus to such a hearer. But Ted, who was speaking, shook his Bible towards the stranger, and cried, "I'm washed in the blood of the Lamb; it doesn't matter what you say; Lord, save Bradlaugh!"—a prayer to which all responded with a loud "Amen."

Soon after his conversion, he went to a mission-room at New Leeds, and, speaking about the Prodigal Son, brought

in an account of his own case. They had patrolled the streets before the service, and got a good audience. "But the people there were not accustomed to the penitent-form," says a friend who went with him. "There was a lot of weeping, but none of them came out, so we were sadly disappointed. But, when the meeting was over, we ran all the way to Pullan's, which was two miles, to be in at the finish there."

"We used to go and have cottage prayer meetings up Manchester Road. We would have a little open-air meeting, and then a prayer meeting inside. We had several converted there like that, and some of them, I know, are standing to-day."

Another, who worked by his side in the days when gambling, racing, and dancing were all his delight, tells how, to his surprise, he came upon him one day standing with the Mission force at the corner of a street. They were singing—

"Oh, you must be lover of the Lord,
Or you cannot go to Heaven when you die."

He then spoke, and told how his mother used to pray for him, and exhorted the people to come to Jesus. He said he had given up handicapping on a Sunday, and entered a handicap for Heaven, and began to show me the condition in which I was. I had got into such a state that I did not care what I did, and when I heard him, how it did take hold of my heart! After I got converted, he and I often ran from our work to have a little prayer together.

"I used to call in at his shop sometimes," said an old waggoner, who, from drunkenness, and swearing, and sin of every kind, was turned to God, and his communications were always about Heavenly things. He always had his heart in it. Many a time when we met, he took my hand, and pledged me to meet him in Heaven. He used to think

I should get to Heaven first, as I was fifty-four, and now my heart's desire is to push on and meet him there."

"He was wonderful in his shop," says another, "He used to talk to men about their souls, and going to Heaven and Hell, and if anyone swore, he would look them straight in the face, and say, 'Now, you know you are swearing.'"

The stories of victory, which those comrades have to tell, would make a volume by themselves. In the open-air, in the Music-hall, in the Dancing-academy, which they used for week-night meetings; from house to house they pursued after souls, with a believing energy which could not fail, and grand were the spoils they captured. One man, upon whom they called, was unwilling to see them, his eye being black from a recent fight. He retreated into an outhouse; but instead of escaping, he found himself entrapped, for they surrounded the place, and through the closed door exhorted and prayed for and with him, until he was ready to come out, and stand up as a witness to the glorious Saviour, who had thus followed him, and caught him in His long arms.

Another man, who was thus hunted down, afterwards wished to sign the pledge, as he said drink had been his ruin. Having done this, he told them he had some drink in the house, and Ted and his friends helped him to empty it out.

It was his custom, in common with several of his comrades, to go behind the stage of the Music Hall and plead with God for souls whilst the speaking was going on, and they sometimes went so far in the fervour of their supplications, that some one would have to be sent to stop them, in order to prevent their being heard so as to disturb the hearers. During the Salvation meeting, some would be on the stage, holding on to the promises with determined grip, whilst others went down amongst the people

to induce them to come up and seek the Lord. Upon one occasion, when several young people had already come forward, Ted and another began to cry to God for some big men, and they had hardly commenced when a tall navvy stepped forward, the first of several who immediately yielded themselves to God.

Upon another occasion there was no one found willing to come forward for some time. Ted and his most cherished comrade, now Captain Lawley, went into the pit, and clasping their hands over one hardened sinner's head, pleaded with God on his behalf till he was constrained to yield, when nine more followed to the Saviour. Of course such fighting as this—the only sort of fighting that can ever subdue a stubborn enemy—cannot be carried on very quietly, and some of Ted's more respectable acquaintances had objected to the noise they observed in the service, till he had himself begun to feel quite uncomfortable about it. But after the glorious victories of that night, he said to Captain Lawley, "Look you here, Johnny, I'm sure God loves our shouting, or He'd never have saved these men in this Babel."

These two, fully persuaded of their Father's smile, revelled in precious fellowship, and in perfect freedom, whether in the times of their most boisterous spiritual mirth, or in the quiet of solitary commune with God. They agreed to meet each other secretly before God, wherever they might be, at ten, twelve, two, four, and half-past six every day, and get on their knees if it were at all possible! No wonder such companions could unite in faithful prayer till Heaven, and earth, and hell trembled and shook before them! No wonder they delighted to meet at six o'clock on a Sunday morning at lovefeasts, in which holy delight reached jumping height. No wonder that on one of these occasions Johnny was so

overwhelmed with the power of God as to fall helpless to the floor.

They used to bring material for breakfast with them, and stay together till the time for morning open-air service, in fellowship with the Father and His Son, Jesus Christ. In meetings they would pass notes to one another, sometimes with some promise to which both, with one consent, would cling.

But all the ordinary enjoyments connected with religious service did not satisfy them. They were carefully taught by Captain and Mrs. Dowdle that it was possible not only to have sin forgiven, but to have the heart so perfectly cleansed from all its old evil desires that it should naturally and perfectly and constantly love God and turn away from everything contrary to His will—in other words, be wholly sanctified.

A charming group of six or seven met in the stable one evening to spend the whole night in prayer for this special blessing. One or two were exhausted by four or five o'clock, but the rest held on, and it was then that the glorious blessing they sought was found, and one of them rose shouting, "I've got it."

But Ted and Johnny Lawley did not obtain what they wanted upon this occasion. They came to a Sunday morning meeting and got upon their knees together, saying, "We won't get off our knees till God gives us clean hearts." "But you have no need to pray and wait long for that," said Captain Dowdle. "God is just as well able to do it now, at once, as any other time, if you are willing. What hinders? If you are willing fully to give yourselves up, and to let Him take you fully for Himself, He can and will do it at once."

They were willing and ready, and without any further delay they took God at His word, and entered into the

perfect rest of His chosen. From that hour they were more than ever marked men, serving God with all their might, and His own united, wherever they went, and looking forward for yet greater things.

The great God laid His hand on Ted, kneeling in the dear old stable, and claimed him for His service more fully than ever. When out with the open-air band, which his clear, shrill voice so well fitted him to lead, Ted would say to Johnny, "I'm convinced I'm going to work for God. I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord."

The whole tenor of his life was alike. His tender love for his mother, and the happy songs of salvation with which he continually gladdened his home, his ceaseless prayers and labours in the grand conflict into which he had thrown himself, were not more beautiful or heavenly than the continual course of his shop life. A wholesale tradesman once came up to Captain Dowdle in the open-air, and said to him, "I believe in your work ever since I saw Ted Irons in the Market. There is a reality in religion that I never believed in before. I shall always believe in him from what I have seen of him there. I have no money with me to-night; but I will give you some, for I believe in the work."

And The Salvation Army believes in making such men officers to lead in the great fight for God. It seeks not for human gifts or education, so much as for those heavenly gifts and that teaching of the Lord which alone can fit men to break to pieces the kingdom of the Devil and build up the kingdom of Christ. True, Ted was one of the best educated and humanly gifted of its officers; but he was chosen because he was evidently what he loved to call himself, "One of the King's Own."

CHAPTER III. PROMOTION.

“Young man, we want to put you in the fish trade somewhere else.”

Such were the words in which I announced to Ted our intention of commissioning him as soon as possible, and he answered—

“Let it be in the wholesale trade then.”

It was a serious matter for him, loving his mother as he did, to give up the good situation and business prospect he had for the much poorer, earthly position of an officer of The Salvation Army, and no sooner had he made up his mind to give himself up to the work, than a special temptation was placed before him, to keep him back, if possible. A butter merchant offered him a shop, with salary, perquisites, and prospect of the best description, and this whilst he was actually out of employment, and wanting an appointment. But he stood firm, for he had learnt that consecration to God, if a reality at all, means that you are not your own, and have no choice but to seek God's interests entirely, ceasing to have any interests of your own. He was determined that his body, soul, and all should be really spent in the service of his God.

After a little delay, caused by the breakdown of various plans, such as are continually made and as continually overturned in the real warfare carried on by The Salvation Army, he was put in command of the 5th (London) Corps, his unusual experience in the management of business making it appear likely that he would be found fully equal to the position of a Captain without further training. The following letter shows the spirit in which he entered on his new duties :—

“ Hackney, London,

“ 15th April, 1878.

“ We have had a hard week here, for Hackney is a respectable gospel-hardened cast-iron place. Last Friday we went to Whitechapel to the prayer meeting,* and I can say, truly, I never was in such a prayer meeting in my life before. There were about 80 present, both men and women, all good, godly, people, led by Mr. Booth. The power of God was in the place, and there was no room for the Devil. I got filled with the Holy Ghost, and then went down into the porch, for they were having the noon-day meeting. They asked me to speak, so I got up and had a turn, and God wonderfully blessed me. At Hackney we had an open-air meeting at 7.80, only five of us there. After singing and prayer, I spoke with power, and held the people as still as death until I was quite done up, then my colleague spoke, but did not make much headway, so I took hold again, and had another good go in.

“ I am like a theatre proprietor, I believe in plenty of variety, so yesterday I had one of our late officers, a Mrs. ———, Mr. Dowdle knows her, to lead the meetings. We had a good day, but only one soul at the finish.”

But a week or two of such labours and cares, as abound in connection, especially with the fight in London, where so large an amount of effort is needed to overcome the ex-

* The weekly morning Prayer Meeting of the London officers.

traordinary indifference of the people, completely exhausted his strength, and he returned home quite ill.

After a little rest, he was sent to take a more important, though nominally, a lower position at the head of the 35th Coventry, where, as the Lieutenant of a holy woman, whom God had used to raise up a mighty host of valiant warriors, he had the grandest opportunity for the employ of all his powers, and was blessedly useful.

He writes, "I like Coventry best of any place that I have been to. It is the prettiest country I ever was in. I have never enjoyed such good health in my life, and my appetite keeps very good; if I go on like this, I shall soon get fat. There is the best soul saving work going on in this city that I have ever seen. We are having souls every night. On Sunday morning we had about 250 people at the seven o'clock prayer meeting, and five or six souls saved; at eleven, we held an open-air meeting in Pool Meadow, at which we had, at the very least, 2,000 people. The Spirit of God was there, and I am sure it was the finest open-air meeting I ever saw. In the afternoon the Theatre was packed, and same again at night. It was altogether a powerful day."

"30th July, 1878.

"Last night was a powerful meeting, five big sinners, one of them the champion of Coventry, came out for God, and got saved; some good cases. Tell Mr. Broadbent that the wave of Salvation is again going to sweep over Coventry. I want you to pray especially for God to deepen His work of grace in my soul, and to baptize me with the Holy Ghost during Congress. I feel I need it. I believe I am spiritually lean. God grant I may get some good food during my short stay in London, and that it may do me much good."

How gloriously this prayer was answered, the following account of the Congress shows :—

“ Last night we had nine souls. One was a publican's wife, who has been under conviction for some time. We average about 800 people a night for week nights. The City is in a blaze. You ask for an account of Congress. Well, I will do my best, though I know I cannot describe the meetings as they appeared to my own soul. You are aware that I was planned for Hackney for the Sunday. Well, God was with us there. There were nine officers present; all took part in the meetings, and all seemed to have wonderful liberty, and altogether it was as good a day as I have had lately. Hallelujah.

“ Monday, August 5th, I set off in good time for Headquarters. Monday's meetings were times of great power and blessing. Monday night was the largest meeting we had; the large stage was packed with between two and three hundred officers and men from all parts of the country, every row sitting about two feet higher than the one in front, and then the large hall, which holds 2,000 people, was packed. It looked splendid. If you had heard them singing—

Glory, glory, Jesus saves me,
Glory, glory to the Lamb,
Oh! the cleansing blood has reached me,
Glory, glory to the Lamb,

it would have done your soul good. The meeting was then addressed by the officers. I stood forty minutes, but could not get a word in edgeways. I never was in such a meeting in my life before.

“ Tuesday was also a good day, especially the Holiness meeting at night; I spoke for a few minutes. I will now skip over Wednesday's services, as they were much the same as previous, and come at once to the Night of Prayer, which commenced about 10.30 p.m. We had just nicely got hold of God, and began to feel His Spirit at work in the meeting when everybody began sneezing. Someone outside had got some Cayenne pepper and put it in some

wadding, and set fire to it, and threw it into the place. Lord, have mercy on them. Well, we got over it, and soon got into the presence of God again. Everything was quiet, everyone was holding on to God, several were seeking the blessing of sanctification, when God's power was made manifest amongst us. I shall never forget it. One after another was laid full length on the floor, beneath the mighty Spirit which filled them; Mr. Maycock amongst them, and myself not far behind. All glory to God. I believe in the Holy Ghost, not excitement. These manifestations were just when all were quietly waiting. Since then prayer has been a new thing to me. I have realized God come down into my bedroom; I have knelt there, and talked to Him. Hallelujah. Yours in a risen Christ, Hand-in-hand and heart-in-heart with a present Saviour."

No language could possibly convey a fair impression of the increase of Divine power communicated to the whole Army by means of this Congress. Deep-rooted prejudices against the military system of Christ were swept away, and the officers and men went away with a conviction that God was about mightily to bless them, and with a determination fully to follow Him in everything. In fact, the Congress might almost have been called the birth of The Army, for, although the name had been taken months before, and a series of victories, in town after town, had certified the rightness of its principles, it was on this occasion that the bulk of our people had the first opportunity fully to observe and take for their own the system to which we were now fully committed. The Christian Mission had, indeed, all along been an Army of the Lord, and had fought the very battles and won the very victories which we now seek on so much larger a scale. But we had crept along, so to speak, on our hands and knees—especially the latter, scarcely venturing to think God was going to do any great things by us, and hardly certain whether we had, as yet, discovered

the road to a grand and permanent success. At the War Congress, the Spirit of the Lord came more mightily than ever upon us, and we stood up with drawn sword and marched out to conquer the world. Ted's next letters tell of further advances :—

“September 16th.

“Yesterday was a powerful time. I never felt such a weight of responsibility resting upon me in my life. I felt as if I stood between the people and Hell, and I was determined to stop them. I had not been talking long, when God laid hold of the people, and soon everybody was melted down, except a few hard-hearted, stiff-necked young men, who, by the way, can stand a lot more Holy Ghost preaching than ever I could. In the prayer meeting I expected seeing great results, but only one came out for salvation—a fine-looking young woman, who is in service at Stoke, near Coventry—about the best case of conversion I have seen lately. She was kneeling on the sawdust, by an old box, singing, ‘Jesus saves me now,’ and I went to her and said, Do you believe that what you are singing is true? Do you believe Jesus has saved you? She said, ‘Yes—oh, yes—Hallelujah! He has,’ and her face beamed with the joy which had just shone into her soul. Glory to God.

“On Saturday afternoon three of us went for a walk in the fields, and, as it was a fine day, I proposed a prayer meeting in the middle of a field. Down we went on our knees, and prayed for God to fit us for the coming Sabbath. God answered our cry—He sent His Spirit down upon us, and flooded our souls so that we had to go down on our knees again before we had gone many yards further. Glory to God for such manifestations of His Holy Spirit. When we got to the meeting at night, the others caught the flame, and we had such a Saturday night as we seldom see. We are working hard trying to get money for our new Factory. Do pray for God to open the hearts of the rich.”

“September 25th.

“I've been busy during the past few days, and have

not had time to write. Sunday was a good day. God was in our midst, and blessed us. I went to one big, strong man, during the prayer meeting, and asked him if he had given his heart to God. 'No,' he said. When are you going to do so? I asked. 'Now,' he answered, and walked out to the penitent-form and began to pray aloud for God to save him, and soon he was singing, 'I do believe,' etc. He told me he had left his home that night for a bad purpose, but God had directed him to the Old Factory and saved his soul. I have seen him since, and he looks very happy.

"I had been talking about the separation between the sheep and the goats. I did not get my text until ten minutes before I got up to preach. I had prayed, time after time, for God to give me a text, but could not get one. My trust was in Him. I was in the hands of the Holy Ghost. Hallelujah!"

It was just after this that this large Factory was opened for salvation purposes. He writes:—

"Our opening has been a great success. On Saturday evening, at 6.15, The General arrived. I met him with about 800 or 400 of the troops and some 2,000 or 3,000 of the citizens. I then led the procession, headed by The General, Dr. Morrison (the Mission Giant), Mr. Railton, and several others from London and other towns. The march through the town is described in the local papers as something wonderful—crowds and crowds of people flocked along the roads, until there was no room for either carriages or anything of that sort. After a few words from The General, outside the Old Factory, we proceeded to the new one. The great place was soon packed, both inside and all round the outside. After opening the meeting, The General called on all who had been blessed by The Army in Coventry to get up and say so.

"Sunday's programme was as follows: Outside the Cemetery Gates at 6 a.m.; in the Factory at 7; Pool Meadow at 10; Gosford Green at 2 p.m.; Factory at 3; Cemetery Gates at 5.30; and Factory at 6.45.

"The meeting under the trees outside the Cemetery gates at 6 a.m. was something grand. God was in the Camp fitting us for the mighty battles before us. Then a procession of 800 or 400 to the Factory, and a good meeting after, in which three souls got saved. Hallelujah!

"I forgot to tell you Mrs. Booth and Mr. Morgan, of *The Christian*, were with us.

"Pool Meadow, at 10 a.m., was a great meeting. Mr. Morgan estimated the huge mass of people at between 4,000 and 5,000. Several speakers, amongst whom were Mrs. Booth, Mr. Morgan, the General, Mr. Railton, and others. Gosford Green, at 2 p.m., was another great meeting, and then a mighty procession to the Factory. Good meeting inside. I forgot to tell you a young man came out into the ring at Pool Meadow for Salvation. Cemetery Gates, at 5.30, was a splendid meeting, about same as Pool Meadow for people. The procession this time beggars description—something wonderful. The city is in a blaze. A wave of Salvation will lay it at the Master's feet. Keep believing, hoping, trusting ever.

"Inside the Factory were packed 2,000 people, whilst in the cellar Mr. Railton, I, and some others had about 400 people, out of which we got about 12 to the penitent form.

"Monday, 10.30.—Pentecost, led by the General. He led off for about fifteen minutes, then Mr. Railton, then myself, then Mr. Fawcett. One or two fell full length on the floor. God was working mightily. 2 p.m., war memories. 4.30 until 6.30, a great tea. 7 p.m., a big meeting. I am done up, and going to Leicester tomorrow until Saturday. I cannot afford to come home yet, but shall leave here in a few weeks to take charge of another station."

The spiritual blessings then received did even more for Coventry than the opening of the larger new Salvation Factory, as the following letter shows :—

"October 16, 1878.

"Every day I live I feel more the need of everything being done in the Spirit of God, and with a single eye

to His glory. I have been going in straight for Holiness this last few days. Some think I am too straight, while others have gone in and got the blessing. *It's possible to live without sin.* Thank God, I can prove it, *both from Scripture and experience* (Romans viii. 3, 4). Thank God, that, through Christ, it is possible to fulfil even the righteousness of the law.

"Monday was a mighty Salvation Meeting. The Spirit of God was upon the people, and sixteen precious souls found peace in *Him who died for Coventry*. They were all good cases broken up. Hallelujah! Last night was another Holiness Meeting. I talked from Acts. xix. 2—the need of the Holy Ghost. God blessed me. Mr. Maycock spoke before me. Then we went down before God, and the power of God fell upon us. Praise God, I believe in the Holy Ghost. Everybody got blessed. Hallelujah!"

He next writes, describing a subsequent Sunday:—

"Yesterday morning we began our Prayer Meeting by 7.10. Whilst I was giving out the hymn, a big drunkard came and fell down at my feet at the penitent form, and began to pray for mercy. We went on singing the hymn, and in less than two minutes another followed, and then another, and so on, until we had finished the hymn, no less than five big sinners were crying to God for mercy. Is not this the work of God? At 11 o'clock we held our usual Sunday morning Camp Meeting, in Pool Meadow. At least 2,000 people were present, and more than one felt the Spirit of God was there. I told the people that if the publicans hated us, that the tailors had no reason to do so, for we had at least six converted drunkards present who had got on new suits. I told them the tailors ought to send us a donation. After the meeting, some man came and put ten shillings into Mrs. Reynolds's hand."

We propose to supply in our next chapter testimonies from other witnesses as to the marvellous work wrought in Coventry, and as to Ted's share in it. But we think that what has been told here is sufficient to make clear to every-

one how absolutely and fully the battle was the Lord's, and how blessed the effect must be upon all who share in such conflicts. Is it by believing that we learn to believe, and by loving that we learn to love, and by conquering that we learn how to conquer. Oh, that God may lead millions of the brightest and most pushing young business men of our day unto the same Salvation College where Ted profited so much above many his equals in his profession.



CHAPTER IV.

COVENTRY TROPHIES.

WE are not about to tell the story of Coventry, for it was not by Ted, but by Captain Caroline Reynolds that it pleased God to break in upon that ancient city, and, in spite of all manner of difficulties, to sweep it from end to end, with the hottest gospel shot. We simply wish to reproduce a few of the testimonies borne to our brother's memory, by some of those who had most cause to bless God for his coming to the town.

Amongst these, perhaps the most prominent was Tom Shirley, a brother of the man who had the courage and the honor to found the Salvation Army in the United States. This man had been a backslider for nearly twenty years, and had gone deeply into sin. He was a confirmed drunkard and had become so wretched, that one day before his conversion he actually laid his watch on a butcher's counter and rushed off to drown himself. He was mercifully hindered, however, and by means of the open-air services was taken hold of, and led to Christ. He says, "What struck me was seeing Ted put himself in the attitude of a runner. I had known a bit about racing, and I said, halloa! that chap knows something about it;

and I always came to hear him out of doors after that." Upon the Sunday, when the Factory was opened, this man listened in the open-air, but kept away from Christ till late in the evening. He had gone home under deep conviction and had lit his pipe, thinking to pass the matter off; but he could not smoke, and at length he returned to the Factory, and walking right up to the penitent form, fell at the feet of Jesus.

"Oh Lord," he said, "you remember how you and I used to love one another, and walk and talk to one another, and if we get together again, we'll see what we can do." Need we say the wandering sheep and the Shepherd were soon once more united, and that the man became a front rank Soldier?

On the following Sunday, he stood in the great Pool Meadow open-air demonstration, and said, "Last Sunday morning I was leaning against those railings, as miserable as I could be. God laid hold of me, and it was all I could do to help coming right out before everybody to seek mercy."

"Yes, it is me. Take a good look at me. It's Tom Shirley, who used to get drunk with you, but now I am sober, and thank God, I'm saved. May God keep me faithful."

At home, he would almost shake the house when praying, and, when speaking at the meetings, he would talk with big tears coursing down his cheeks.

One might naturally expect that with such a saint of a husband no woman could live unconverted long. "I remember," says Captain Ted, "leading her to the penitent form. At first she had a struggle, but soon jumped up, praising God for His saving grace. Next to her, at the penitent form, knelt a young man whom she knew, and as

soon as she had got through herself, she turned to him, and, thumping him on the back, said, "Now Tom, roll it all on Jesus, same as I have done; now then, He'll bear it; roll it on Him." And so, before she was five minutes old in grace, she pointed another poor soul to Jesus.

"He could always attract the racing young men," says another. "There was no stiffness, or idea of raising himself above others when he spoke. He could manage to put himself on the level of those he was talking to."

"He was very gentle, loving, and kind," says another. "Many a time he took me by the hand in the street, and asked me to give God my heart, and told me how he prayed for me when he got home."

"One day, as I was walking along to my work, he met me and said, 'My brother, you're going to Hell. I can see the blight of Hell stamped upon your face.' I was regular took to, when he spoke like that. I went away, for I didn't want to listen to any more, but I came again, for I couldn't keep away."

"One Sunday night, after he had been speaking upon 'The door was shut,' he came and took me by the hand. I told him not to-night; but he looked me in the face, and said, 'I know you're sick of serving Satan,' and so he kept pleading with me till I gave way."

"I remember, the last Sunday night but one that he was here, he was talking about the Prodigal Son, and he was made a blessing to me. I was in doubts and fears, and he said, 'Get out of Doubting Castle into Hallelujah Square.' So I did."

Another says, "As he was coming out of our court, somebody cried after him, 'He's the Yorkshire Runner.' He took off his hat, and said 'Yes, praise the Lord; but I'm in a race for glory now.'"

"Why don't you turn the 'Yorkshire Runner' out?" said a drunkard to his landlady, as she was cleaning her doorstep, late on Saturday night. When she told Ted, he said, 'Why didn't you tell me, so that I might have come out and told him I was saved?'"

Respectable people might well object to the ex-fish-dealing officer being known by such a description; but he had the sense to perceive that the title took the fancy of the class he wished to please, and as he had no regard for his own reputation, he gladly bore it.

His landlady tells how, after meetings, he would go upstairs and read and pray. Two other brothers would sometimes come and have glorious prayer-meetings with him, when she would creep up the stairs, and get blessed outside the door.

"The first evening he came into Coventry, he came to No. 13 Court, and his first words were, 'Hallelujah, I'm saved!'. That night, in the Factory, he told us about his running. About a week after that, on a Thursday, he gave out

"Satan has designed to have you
For his lawful prey,"

in the Old Factory. I do not know whether he sang it or no, but I know it *caught* me."

"We used to have a drop of beer until he came, and he used to feel that miserable when he saw us drinking it, and he persuaded us to give it up. We used to think we couldn't do without it; but through him we chucked it up.

"I'm sure he was a God-fearing and good, living man. No one could live nearer to God than he did. He was very charitable, free, and liberal, and very kind feeling towards everyone; more than his share, if anything. He often sang 'Sweeping through the gates,' 'Welcome home,' 'Am I a soldier of the cross?' 'Will you meet me at the fountain?'

and 'Jesus, keep me near the cross.' He was always singing. He always seemed to live in the very presence of God, and everybody could see it.

"My little girl, Lilly, can remember him saying to her, 'The Lord bless you.'

"We had some stormy times in that Old Factory. I remember us singing, 'We'll stand the storm,' one evening, whilst they threw half bricks through the window. Nobody was hurt, though some were hit.

"Soon after he came, my husband was ill, and he used to visit him, and we had some beautiful meetings in his sick room. 'The Lord bless you, everyone,' he would say, when he came in. One day, I was very much cast down, and he said to me, 'The Lord bless you—you're in the furnace, and you'll come out shining bright like gold.' I felt so much better all that day."

"I remember once being at the Old Factory when I was in great trouble—my wife had got burnt. I was crying, and he asked me what was the matter. 'The Lord bless you; the Lord will help you.' It seemed just as if the Lord had spoken Himself, and given me new life."

"I remember, when he first came to the Old Factory, he used often to come and ask me to get saved, but I used to put off. At last, he said to me once, 'There's only a step between thee and death.' That was God's arrow to my soul.

"Many a time I have heard him get out of bed, and wrestle with God till he made the place shake. When he went, it was just as if we had buried somebody. I could not express the feeling."

"I have got a little crippled boy, and he prayed the Lord might restore to him the use of his limbs. He was very fond of him. One day, when he called my husband, who was unconverted, he came in and we had prayer

altogether. From that day to this my husband has always kept on praying. If Mr. Irons had stayed he would have got him. We often sit and talk about him."

"When I went out as an officer, I found a lady in the town I went to, who knew him and his mother. When I told her what a situation he had left to become an officer, she was proud to hear of it, and said how she should like her son to do the same.

"When he saw me once, when I came home, he told me not to wish God to make me just like Mary, but just like what He wished me to be, and when I was going away, he said, 'Be a faithful servant of the most High God.' Little did I think I should never see him again.

"I remember his talking about racing, and saying that when he ran in a handicap all had to run; but only one got the prize; but in the heavenly race we might all run so as to get a prize if we liked. I used to come four nights in a week to hear him before I got converted."

"I found him a great blessing to my soul. I was very weak at first, because I was no scholar and could read nothing, which gave the Devil great power over me. I used to get filled up with doubts and fears that I was a hypocrite—it was a great burden to me. I couldn't see, through the Devil, that I couldn't be a hypocrite if I all the while wanted to be right. I used to cry and tell God to take me right away off my knees. I was filled with anxiety lest I should be a hypocrite. Someone who felt anxious about me told him how things stood, and he came and caught hold of my hand. I stepped off the bench, and knelt down. It seemed to me that night that I felt greater earnestness than ever. I was all in a perspiration. He prayed that God might revive me, and give me more faith and remove all my doubts and fears.

"After that I trusted more in Christ. I leaned on His

arm, I was determined, whether I saw or not, I'd trust in the God of my salvation. From that time I trusted in Christ more firmly. The anxiety had made me quite ill, but I got better when I trusted so thoroughly, and I found Him a great help to me in lots of other cases.

"He always seemed to have the power of the Spirit with his words, and to be lifted up with the power of the Spirit when he spoke."

"I had been converted three days when he came. I was a publican's wife, and got saved in the public-house. I always liked to go and hear him—he was such a soul-hunter. I told him once, 'They say I only come to see you.'

"'I'll give God no rest,' he replied, 'till He removes you out of that house.'

"He always impressed on me to hold on to God, and not to fear man. I didn't fear. No. I feared offending God. People got tin kettles and tin kettled me home.

"Our house was called the 'Hare and Hounds,' but he used to call it the 'Slaughter House,' It used to be one of the roughest in the town; but, before we left, they called it the 'Salvation Public House.' We used to have two or three into the place every now and then to engage in prayer, and in about a month God released us from it, and we now keep a milk-shop.

"Every word he spoke seemed like God speaking to me. Many a time he would say, 'Hold on to God, and you'll make a strong soldier. God tells me so.'"

"I remember going to the Factory out of curiosity, but the power of God fell upon me. On the Tuesday night he came to me, and said, 'Brother, will you give your heart to God? You'd make a good soldier for Jesus Christ.' I hope so, I said; 'Will you come down to the penitent-form to-night?' Not to-night. 'Do make up

**your mind now. You might not get another chance
Make up your mind this night.'**

"He came to me a second time, and then I went down, and he said to me: 'Brother, you must make a full surrender—a full sacrifice of your life to God. Your life has been something such as mine was; but you will have to make a full sacrifice to God, and He will make you a grand instrument in His hands as you used to be in the hands of the Devil.'

"After I told him I felt God precious to my soul, he said, 'Hold on, and serve God and don't be backward. Put yourself forward. Be firm. Pray to God, and He will bless you.' He asked me what I had been, and when I said, a soldier, he said: 'So you've been in three Regiments, and now I trust you are enlisted for life in a regiment of God for the Lamb. Be faithful and God will make you a Captain, which is better than a Colonel in the British Army.'"

"The first time that ever he came into Coventry, I thought to myself what a God-fearing man he looked. I heard him talk about the ten virgins, and he sang—

"Five of them were foolish
When the bridegroom came.'

I thought to myself, 'How foolish to have no oil,' and on the Monday I came to the penitent form at the Factory. But I found peace at my bedside.

"I thought that never a nicer young man lived. If he was invited out to a meal, he always liked to go into a private room and have communion with God after the meal was over.

"He told us that after his conversion he put his running slippers and dress into the fire and burnt them, just as the molten calf was destroyed."

"The first night I went with him out of doors, he put me to work close against a public-house that I used to use.

and I have worked ever since. That was the second night after my conversion, and it was beside the 'Half Moon' that he put me to speak.

"How careful he was in all his conversation. He was always talking of something profitable. He used often to quote pieces of Billy Bray's life. His conversation on the subject of holiness was very much blessed, and he was always ready to enlighten our minds about it. We gave our half-pints up while he was here, and we have always slept better ever since."

"As soon as he had had his meals, he was up in his room alone with God and his Bible. He often used to tell me, when I called to go with him to the meetings, what precious times he had had, and how God had drawn nearer to him. I never knew anyone make such strides in grace inwardly as he did.

"On Sundays, he would often shut himself in the Factory instead of having tea, to plead for the meetings. He spent three hours daily on his knees. He made it a rule of being alone to pray daily at two o'clock. He overruled a lot of circumstances which occurred to prevent it, and showed a great determination not to be thrown off in his resolution. He used to make a practise of reading his Bible on his knees.

"I often met him at his lodgings for half-an-hour before the open-air service, to pray, it was like a mount of transfiguration to us.

"We walked out into the fields, and got under the hedge, praying once, and while we were praying, I saw a young man standing against a gate looking at us. He prayed for him in a remarkable manner, and after we had done, we got up and spoke to him.

"He seemed as though you couldn't put him out anyhow. There was a man at the old Factory once that professed to be converted, but he smelt of drink. 'How do you do?' Mr. Irons said to him. 'What do you care how I do?' the man growled; but Mr. Irons turned upon him with

such a look of love, and said, 'The Lord bless you.' He was not the least ruffled.

"One night, we went to a yard to hold service, and a man was sharpening a knife against the wall while we were going on, and said he would kill us; but it did not seem to trouble him in the least.

"I'd have fit for him before I gave God my heart," is the superb testimony of one, who was unconverted when he came to Coventry. He lapped himself around you before you thought of it. While he was in the open air once, someone was making a noise, and I said if he didn't stop I'd knock him down. We used to come on purpose to hear him. He seemed made up of love.

"When he was going away I was working at Hinckley, and I rode with him from Nuneaton to Hinckley. As we were going he said, 'I might not see you again; we'll go down on our knees, and so we did and he prayed. I was young in the new life then and I felt the power of God, and when I got there I was well blessed. When I caught hold of his hand through the window at Hinckley," there was tears in both our eyes. I never saw him again."

Is there a living soul who would not like always to leave behind him just such an impression as Ted left at Coventry?

CHAPTER V. IN COMMAND.

HAVING heard, at the War Congress, of the great difficulty we experienced in finding anyone able to adapt himself to the need of the poor at Hastings, a high-class watering place, Ted had said, "If the General will let me go, I'll put on a blue guernsey, and see if I cannot get at the fishermen, somehow." But God, who had thus made him willing to be anything or nothing for His glory, required him for a much more important commission.

Captain John Allen, one of the grandest heroes The Salvation Army ever had, lay dying at Portsmouth. Clinging with all the strength of his brave heart to life, and hoping, and trusting, even when disease had all but cut it away, to be raised up again to conquer, we could not think of superseding him in his command; but it was necessary to have someone ready to take his place at any moment, and Ted and the young officer, who was temporarily holding the post, were informed accordingly. The rest we leave to be told mainly in the language of our Brother's own diary and letters.

"Portsmouth, November 9th.—This day I am 22 years of age. I thank Almighty God for sparing my life so long,

for when I look back and see what an unprofitable servant I have been, it makes me wonder at the mercy of God, and I feel that, indeed, the Psalmist spoke truly, when he said, 'For as the Heaven is high above the earth, so great is His mercy towards them that fear Him.' I do praise Him that I was born of a godly mother, and trained up in the fear of the Lord. Hallelujah. And then, again, when I think of that, it sends a pang of shame through me, to think that I should so sin against the light. Oh, I shall have to praise God throughout eternity for *free grace*. If ever a sinner needed it, I do.

"Oh, for more of God in me, in my life, in my walk, and conversation—I am not satisfied with the past, and my prayer to God this morning is, 'Oh, God, let the cleansing blood of Thy dear Son flow over my past life, and just now cleanse me from all unrighteousness.' *Thank God I feel it does.* Praise God and the Lamb for ever. Hallelujah. I am firmly resolved, by God's help, to serve Him better, to live nearer to Him, to have a deeper work of grace, to have a greater baptism of the Holy Ghost; not that religion may make me happy, not that all this shall give me a peace which I cannot otherwise attain to. No, a thousand times no, but that God may be glorified through me, that I may be meet for the Master's use. I want the power for service, not for self. Oh, may God grant me it. *I'm trusting, Jesus keep me low.*

"I do solemnly and unreservedly renew my covenant with God to be wholly His, body and soul, all I am and all I have. Oh God, help me to realise, moment by moment, that I am not my own, but bought with a price. *Make me wise to win souls for Jesus' sake. Amen, amen.*"

"Tuesday, November 12th.—Another day rolled into eternity, and how little done for the Master. Oh, how powerless I feel—oh, how weak is my spiritual strength—I want more of God, and I am determined to have more. My prayer is, God help me.

"The thought has just suggested itself to me, Why should I not be the holiest man that ever lived? Oh God, for

Jesus' sake, lay hold of me, and shake me up, for Jesus' sake quicken me. Oh, for more of the Holy Ghost. I will have it. I have made my choice what I want Almighty God to make me—a soul winner. Oh, God, for Jesus' sake, make wise to win souls! Henceforth, by God's help, to gain this end shall be my aim and object. I will live for it—I will study for it—I will pray for it—I will believe for it—I will make everything stand back for it—friends, time, earthly comforts, self and all.

“Oh, God, help me to carry out to the letter this resolution! Amen. Oh, how little and weak I feel!”

“18th November.

“On Friday last I wrestled with God most of the day, and oh, how dark it seemed. I pleaded for the fire—it did not come then, so I had to hang on by faith. On Friday night, the moving of the chariot began. God does not begin a work by baptising with His Spirit, but by convincing of the need of the baptism. And so on Friday night, in the Holiness Meeting, I felt that God was there convincing. I spoke from Elisha's determination to have the spirit which Elijah, his master, had possessed, and then and there several made up their minds to have the baptism of fire. God will give it to them.

“Yesterday was the best day, I think, I ever spent in the service of the King. We began at 7 a.m., with a love feast, and God was in our midst—all but one in the place gave testimony to the cleansing virtue of the Blood. A good service in the morning. I felt God whilst I was preaching. Our people got blessed. In the afternoon we had a splendid open-air meeting, and then one of the finest experience meetings I ever was in in my life. We had soldiers, sailors, a black man, and all sorts talking about the love of God. Hallelujah.

“A good open-air again at night, and then a full hall. A Brother read the lesson, and I preached from Proverbs xiv. 12, ‘There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is the way of death.’ The Spirit of God gave me liberty and gave sinners deep conviction, so

that in the prayer meeting twelve came out for salvation; four of them were soldiers. I do like to see them in their red coats crying for mercy. They make good Christians, because they have to stand fire.

"One young woman, as soon as she got through, began to pray to God to save sinners. A young man was so broken up, that I had nearly to carry him up to the penitent form, and when we got there, he fell right across it, and soon got filled with joy unspeakable; he then went to his sweetheart, and asked her to come out. At first she would not, so he fell on his knees, and prayed until she was quite melted down, and came out for God."

"On Saturday night, a young soldier put a note into my hand to ask us to pray for him, he was a backslider, and was under deep conviction. We prayed for him, and last night he was amongst the first to find peace. All glory to God.

"I have a very bad cold. Miserable writing, owing to my hand trembling so. I forgot to tell you that instead of going to the tea yesterday, I shut myself in the Hall, and whilst praying, the Fire of the Holy Ghost fell on me in such a manner as it never did before. I was nearly overpowered. I give Him all the glory, and look for greater things than these. I am living just now in the Fire of Heaven,—it burns up all the dross; it makes me pure within."

"Sunday, November 24th.—When Zion travailed, she brought forth. If ever I felt the weight of souls, it was to-day. At night, whilst I was preaching, I broke out into tears, and almost all in the hall were broken down. Some wept aloud, and soon we had precious souls crying for mercy. Eight came out, six of whom got well saved I believe. One was a very interesting case, a fine-looking soldier. God saved him, and sent him away happy. Hallelujah. Precious Lord, keep me humble, yet powerful."

"Monday, November 25th.—A good day. Longing for more of God in my soul. To-night the power of God

has been helping me to preach. A dear old man cried aloud for mercy. He said he got wounded last night, I had been praying ever since. He went away unsaved, but I know God will save him. Hallelujah. I do believe."

"Tuesday, November 26th.—To-day I have felt much of God in my soul, and have been blessed whilst talking with Sister C. on Holiness. Oh! I love it. I mean to get more of it.

"A good meeting to-night. The dear old man, who was so deeply convinced last night, is now rejoicing in the glory. Oh! Hallelujah to the Lamb. I'm living in the Fire. I'm saved, sanctified, and looking out for more power and souls."

"Portsmouth, November 27th.—I love God's Word more the more I read it and pray over it. I have just been asking Him to make it a blessing to my soul, and I had no sooner sat down and read a few verses, than He applied them to my soul, and gave me heart believing faith to take the promise in Psalm xxv. 12th verse. Oh! hallelujah to the dear Lamb. He knows the way which I have chosen. It is *to live holy, and to win souls*. He does teach me: bless His dear name; and I am looking for more of His precious knowledge, and more of that essence that *God calls wisdom*. My eyes are up unto Him, and my expectations are from Him. 'What man is he that feareth the Lord? Him will He teach in the way that He shall choose.'"

"Thursday, November 28th.—Tried to get to pray with a young man, who is dying, but he would not let me see him. Oh, may God touch his heart.

"Good open-air meeting. God was working. Hallelujah! Looking out for something great for Sunday next. Amen."

"November, 29th,

"Pardon me for not writing to you sooner, but really I have so much to do that I have not a deal of time for corresponding. Still, I shall always spare you a few

1. John Edgar Hoover has been
 2. Director since 1935.
 3. James C. Connelley was born in
 4. St. Louis, Missouri.
 5. John Edgar Hoover was born in
 6. Alton, Illinois.

I have been thinking much of late to be
satisfied with the things of this world. I must
know what is the meaning of this revival.
I am thinking of the things of this world, and
called with the things of this world. Oh,
for ever. I am thinking of the things of this world.
I am thinking of the things of this world.

" get in on reading. What sort of books
 have you got with you? Holy Ghost in
 they in your own hands and after
 " I have to see what shall be my aim
 and, by God's grace, nothing shall hinder me
 to get my share. I will do it and to win
 the God in his side and He has promised to

"I am filled with the fullness of God. I
 am blessed" said he over, and being
 laid out for ~~some~~ some washing."

Sunday November 28th.—Today has been a good
 day for me, really blessed whilst reading the Word.
 I went down to the sea shore, alone with
 my Bible, and my soul was lifted. I feel I have won a
 victory for Christ, for He gave me the assurance
 of His love and blessing. O, Hallelujah!
 We had a good meeting at the 'Gospel Tree' to-night.
 There was a cold wind, and the coldness which seemed to
 be in our midst, was the coldness which seemed to
 be in the meeting, yet overthrown, and we had a glorious
 meeting, and the glory. Oh, Father, do grant

that I may awake in the Spirit in the morning, for Jesus' sake. Amen, amen."

"Monday, December 2nd.—I feel to-night that I love Jesus *not without cause*. I have much to love Him for. Like Job, I don't serve God for naught. This has been a good day. God has been blessing my soul, as I have gone about talking about Him. A good open-air meeting in Lake-road. I felt God was there. The crowd was large, and I saw a police officer coming towards us, and I thought he was going to order us away, so I lifted up my heart to God to touch his heart. The officer gave one of the brethren a note to give me, but I dared not open it till the meeting was over, lest it should be an order to leave the stand, as it was a public thoroughfare. Afterwards, when I opened it, I found it was from one of the Serjeants, inviting me to dine with him next day. O, hallelujah! My God knows how to work good meetings in the hall. Two saved."

"Tuesday, December 3rd.—This has been a good day. To my Master be all the glory. I got up in the Spirit, and in that Spirit I have spent the day to the glory of God. Oh, hallelujah! I dined with the Sergeant. Poor fellow, he is a backslider, but God is working with him. I got him on his knees, and prayed with him, and he promised me he would seek the Lord. Dear Lord, do Thou reveal Thyself to him. I spent the afternoon visiting my flock, and took tea with Bro. and Sister Copus. We have had a good assembly. The Spirit of God was amongst us. The members are getting more of the spirit of prayer. I feel God is working. Oh, may He stir us up to holy zeal. I want the zeal of His house to eat us all up. Thank God, thank God. Amen."

"Saturday, December 7th.—The Lord is my portion. Hallelujah! To-night we have had a good meeting. God was in our midst. One dear man stepped into the ring, and told us he was a sinner, and wanted to be saved. He promised to begin there and then, to seek pardon and to live henceforth to God. I have asked Father to waken me in the Spirit. Praise Him."

"Sunday, December 8th.—This morning I awoke with the holy fire burning in my soul; it has been increasing through the day, and others have felt its glow and warmth. To-day my Father paid us a visit. He came in all His glory, and filled our hearts, and set sinners crying for mercy.

"At night, nine came out for Salvation. One dear woman shouted out, 'Oh! it is beautiful,' as the dear Lord entered her soul."

"Wednesday, December 11th.—The enemies of my King don't like quite so much religion in the streets, so they have set the policemen to order us away. I have been, however, to read the Act of Parliament on the subject, and I find we are not committing a breach of the peace, so I don't intend to move either for men or devils. A policeman tried it to-night, but it is of no use. I asked him to take my name, and not to trouble us any longer. But he knew that would not pay, so off he went, and left us in undisputed possession of the field. My Father knows how to work. Hallelujah."

"Thursday, December 12th.—I am His, and He is mine. A blessed afternoon. Gave Mrs. S. a good shaking, because she wanted to convince me it was about impossible to live a holy life.

"A good meeting at the 'Gospel Tree.' Snowstorm."

"Friday, December 13th.—I'm but a poor creature at the best, and feel that in reality, I, every moment, need the merits of His death. I love Christ, and long for more of His precious Spirit. I have been praying for a mighty spiritual time to-night. Oh, Jesus, give me faith. I do expect it. My trust is in Thee alone.

"I have lately, through weakness, got into the habit of laying in bed until nine a.m. Now I am resolved, by the help of God, to get up at 7.45; and to spend from eight till nine for God alone. May He help me. I am rather neglectful with my diary."

"Tuesday, December 17th.—Good assembly, considering

only a few there. One dear woman, Mrs. ———, who was saved a few weeks back, told us how she got saved. She had attended the meetings at the 'Gospel Tree,' and there heard me say, 'You want to be saved.' Those words rung in her ears day and night. One night—in the middle of the night—she awoke, and found her pillow wet with tears. Next Sunday she came and gave God her heart. Oh, praise Him for His goodness. I believe He is going to give me greater seals than this. Hallelujah! I'm His and I've no desire but to glorify Him. It is He who has given me this desire, and He will satisfy it. Bless Him."

"Wednesday, December 18th.—The Devil hates me, and if I were in his power he would let me know it too. He has been trying to upset me, but, thank God, 'The Lord is my Shepherd.' Oh, Hallelujah! Had a powerful half-hour at the hall.

"Good meeting at night—He came very near. Bless His name. I long to see Him face to face. Not that I want to go home. No, no. I want to live to win souls; but I do want Him to manifest Himself to me in a mighty manner."

"Thursday, December 19th.—This morning I feel His presence. I am going to the hall to get alone with Him. I have commenced this morning to commit to memory the Psalms. Oh, may He help me. I want to know His Word. I want to swallow the Book, and to digest it as well, until it burns in my bones like fire.

"Splendid open-air meeting at the 'Gospel Tree.' Glory, glory, glory to God."

"On Saturday afternoon, God gave me a text for Sunday morning, but my evening text I did not get until Sunday afternoon, but when I did get it, oh, the light he gave me with it. In the morning I preached from Prov. iii. 6, 'In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.' God gave me liberty, and the people got fed. Thank Him. Afternoon, good experience meeting. At night I preached from 'To you is the word of this Salvation sent' (Acts xiii. 26). If ever conviction ran deep, it did then. I expected to see sinners roll off their seats on

to the floor. I shall see it yet. God does not take hold of me like that for nothing. Only one came out for Salvation, and others sat trembling, and dared not go. I shall see a real smash before long. Keep believing. The one who did come out found peace directly. Hallelujah to the dear Lamb!

"The soldier who got saved last Sunday is going away next Sunday to Newcastle. Oh! he is a real good case. I brought him home with me last night to supper, but he could eat nothing for crying. In the morning he had been greatly tempted, but whilst I was preaching at night he got so filled he could hardly sit still. I lose all my soldiers and sailors, but God can keep them, and I shall see them up yonder. As for my own soul, God is very good to me; He has given me the victory over every foe, and I am more than conqueror through His blood. During this last week I have experienced what it is to be filled with the knowledge of God, and I have been enabled to take His word, and believe it to be sharper than any two-edged sword. Beforetimes, I have been apt to trust too much in myself; but, oh! I see that the sword of the Spirit must do the work, and as I have prayed for light, He has given it to me, and enabled me to use Divine power instead of trying to do the work myself. Just now, I'm saved all over. Glory! glory!"

"Monday, December 23rd.—To-night we caught two, who got deeply convinced last night. Both got well saved. Thank God!"

"Monday, December 30th.—This God is my God, and I will live to glorify His holy name. As I preached to-night on the love of God, we were all melted down, and filled with love Divine. Oh, Hallelujah to the dear Lamb!

"Oh! how precious, dear Redeemer,
Is the love that fills my soul."

"Tuesday, December 31st.—This is the last day of this year, and as I look back on the past, I am resolved to be more faithful; to trust more in Divine power; to pray

for knowledge to wield the sword of the Spirit. By His help it shall cut, and that deeply.

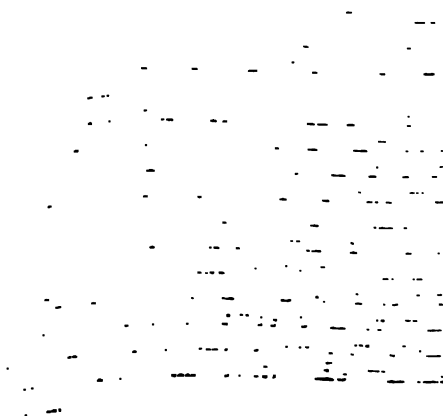
"Watch-night Service has been a glorious time. His glory filled the place. Eight volunteered for salvation, and several for purity of heart. It will be remembered for a long time, and will be of lasting good. Oh, Hallelujah !

"I praised God when I heard dear Mrs. Newell had gone home to rest, for I know she must have been getting quite tired. She has got the crown He promised. Oh, Hallelujah !

"'Oh ! what must it be to be there ?' These are thoughts that seldom cross my mind, for I am so much taken up with soul-winning (for that is my only aim), that I seldom think about the mansion He has gone to prepare. But, thank God ! it fadeth not away. Incorruptible, undefiled. Oh, glory ! glory ! Just as I write these lines, I realise in my inmost soul a full salvation through an uttermost Jesus. His blood does cleanse : His power does keep. Lately He has given me much light and Divine knowledge. I have been trusting too much to my preaching, and too little to His spirit. It is a snare that is easily fallen into. But, praise His name, He hath shown me that His word is sharper than any two-edged sword. It is His Spirit alone that can give me the knowledge to wield it aright, and faith to trust in that alone. I am, in His hands, one of the weak things of this world that He hath chosen to confound the mighty. In my last I told you several had left the meeting last Sunday deeply convinced of sin. The following night two came on purpose to be saved. One was my landlady where I have been living in Stamford Street. Oh, may the Lord enable me to leave a mark wherever I go ! The glory is His. Oh, may he keep me humble."

"Thursday night.—We had another splendid case, a fine-looking young woman from Woolwich. We shall lose her in a few days. May God keep her !"

"Yesterday was one of the best days I have had here. In the morning I preached on Charity (1 Corinthians 13).



CHAPTER VI.

A NEW YEAR.

"MEMORANDA FROM 1878.

ON ! the mercy of Almighty God to me during the past year. I cannot praise Him as I should like, but I will try, by His help, to be faithful, and then I shall praise Him throughout eternity. Hallelujah !

"I do praise Him for the souls He has given me ; the desire of my heart is to give Him all the glory. It is His, and He shall have it all.

"I am not satisfied with the past, but, oh, I am more than satisfied with Jesus. On my part there has been a great deal of unfaithfulness : on His part nothing but love.

"It has been a source of great comfort to me to know that He brought me into the work Himself, and many a time, when the way has seemed cloudy, I have been enabled to go to Him, and tell Him that I am His servant, His child, and, in every instance, He has been true to the call.

"He has enabled me to enter upon the duties of the New Year with a clean heart. Oh, Hallelujah ! I praise Him for it, and pray He will guide and use me more than ever. I feel sure He will, because my will is in harmony with His, and my aim is His glory. Praise the Lord !

"Loving Father, in the name of Jesus, I do thank Thee, with all my heart for Thy manifold mercies; and I pray Thee to enable me to serve Thee faithfully from this time henceforth and for ever. If it should be Thy will to spare me through another year, oh! do help me to shine. Make me a flame of fire, a mighty soul-winner, a man after Thine own heart, full of faith and the Holy Ghost. This I ask, in Jesu's name, that Thou mayest be glorified. Amen."

"Just a few lines to let you know what sort of a Watch-night Service we had. At eleven o'clock we commenced. It was a solemn time. God came very near. I took for my text, 'What wilt Thou have me to do?' God gave me liberty, and the Word was with power. At a few minutes to twelve we all went down before God, and then glory came in waves. Oh, Hallelujah! After that we sung a hymn, and I asked who wanted to begin to serve God for the New Year. At first no one stood up. So I asked who, of God's children, wanted to serve Him better. Fifty were on their feet in an instant, saints and sinners as well. So I got them all to sit down, and then invited only unsaved people to stand up. Up went one after another, and I had hard work to keep our people steady. 'Come this way,' I said; and out they came, and soon were crying aloud for mercy. Two fine men soon got into liberty. Glory! A fine, tall young man, who had stood up first, was a long time before he could get through, but there was no stopping him, for he did plead for mercy, and at last shouted so that all could hear him, 'Thou hast saved me.' Thank God! Thank God! Eight in all came out for pardon, and lots for sanctification.

"After the soul-saving was over, I took my Bible, and preached from Romans on the two natures. Again the glory came upon us, and soon a lot more were crying for a clean heart.

"That over, we spread the table for the Lord's Supper, and that, to my soul, was the best of all. Oh! how precious Jesus was to my soul as I knelt at that table, and

partook of the emblems of His broken body and spilt blood. He filled my soul. At one time I thought I should not be able to contain ; my cup was running over.

" I will forward you a magazine. ' A Happy New Year ' to you all. I'm going to spend it to the glory of God, by His help. Oh ! may I see thousands of souls saved before this time next year. I mean to live for it. My heart is clean, and He is going to keep it clean. Keep praising and praying."

" Wednesday, January 1st.—My Beloved is mine, and I am His. Hallelujah ! After the all-night meeting, I went to rest for a few hours, after which I got up full of the glory. At night we had a precious season together in the Hall. I led a band of brethren, and God drew us all very near to Him. After talking for a few minutes on ' Faith,' we had a profitable prayer meeting.

" Never since I set out for the Kingdom have I experienced such sweet communion with God as I have during the last few days. Sometimes I have hardly known what to do with myself. Last night I had to pray God to give me strength to carry the great measure of the Spirit He was pouring into my soul. Oh, glory ! glory !"

" Saturday, January 4th.—Got up in good time, and spent a precious hour in the presence of the King before I came downstairs. Oh, I feel His love in my soul grows stronger every day. I am persuaded that this is going to be a real God-honouring, soul-winning year.

" The afternoon I spent with Brother and Sister ———. We had a profitable season together, after which I went to the Gospel Tree. A ' Punch and Judy ' man had usurped my Father's ground, so Brother ——— and I began to pray God to shift him. In less than five minutes down came the ' Punch and Judy ' show, and we held the best open-air meeting I have been in in Portsmouth. Oh, glory, Hallelujah ! Five spoke who had never spoken in in the open air before. One who had been saved at the Watch-night Service."

"Sunday, January 5th.—My Refuge and strong Tower. I really don't know where to begin to narrate the glorious victories of this day. As I went down to the seven a.m. Love Feast, I met a band of our people singing up and down the Lake Road in true Army style. It set my soul on fire with the glory. We turned into the Hall, and had a precious time. A fine-looking man, who professed infidelity, could hardly keep back the tears as he listened to the experiences. When we prayed, he knelt down like a child. We shall have him yet. May God bring him down!

"In the morning I preached from Jeremiah xxxv. 18-15. I showed how God rebuked His people for their unfaithfulness. God blessed the word. In the afternoon fifty-five of our people turned out into the open air, and we had a glorious time. Oh! God is working mightily. In the Hall we gathered round the Lord's Table, where we had a precious time.

"By the way, we had a grand procession in the afternoon to the Hall. Good singing.

"Another monster open-air at night. God was in our midst, and sinners' hearts got touched.

"In the Hall I preached from Proverbs xiii. 15, 'The way of transgressors is hard.' Then we went in for a real Salvation meeting. God was convincing of sin, and soon we heard the Publican's cry going up to Heaven. I went and spoke to one fine, big fellow, who said he wanted to be saved. I said, 'Then God wants to save you.' Out he came, and while we were pleading with God on his behalf, he entered into the liberty. Jumping to his feet, he shouted, 'I'm saved! I'm saved!' It went through every heart in the place, and soon out came half a dozen more. Oh, glory! it was a precious time; our hearts were overflowing. I closed the meeting about 9.30, and was stood at the door, bidding the friends 'Good-night,' when I heard someone shout out, 'Oh, I'm dying! I'm dying! Whatever shall I do?' I said, 'Be quick and get saved first.' Down the dear lad fell on his knees,

whilst I called to the brethren at the other end of the Hall to come and pray with a dying man. He literally screamed for mercy, and soon found peace. Thank God! I looked him in the face, and said, 'Are you dying?' 'No; I'm saved, thank God!'

"Oh! may God keep us all faithful, and lead us on to greater victories beneath the blood-stained banner of my Lord.

"Tired, but, oh! how happy. Praise God!"

"Tuesday, January 7th.—This morning I was on my knees in good time in sweet converse with my Master. After breakfast I began visiting, as I wanted to put in a good day. I called on Brother and Sister ———, and agreed with them that I would hold a cottage meeting in their house every Wednesday afternoon. I believe this is of God, and will be a success. I commence it on the 15th of this month. Afternoon visiting again. Of course; I got blessed. Assembly at night was a blessed time; I got nine new members; all of them spoke.

"As I have gone up and down visiting, it is really wonderful what a lot of people are under deep conviction, and have promised to come next Sunday. Oh! may God give me the right word for them. He is precious. Hallelujah!"

"Friday, January 10th.—There are times when the Sun of Righteousness seems to hide His face. Then, as soon as it is dark, the Devil, like a cowardly burglar, tries to gain admission. But, oh! the armour of Godliness is more than proof against his attacks."

"Saturday, January 11th.—This morning the cloud still hung very heavily over my soul; still, He is my Rock and my Fortress. The Lord also has become my Salvation. Oh, Hallelujah! At night, whilst speaking in the open air, God filled my soul with love towards Him; so, of course, I was enabled to speak of His love to the dear people. As I did so, I saw the tears roll freely down a dear woman's face. Oh, glory to God!

"To me God is, indeed, good. If ever I felt my own unworthiness, it is now. Oh! I feel, indeed, I have something to love Him for as I should like. Every Sunday seems to get better. Yesterday morning we had twenty-four at seven o'clock meeting. It was a good time. At 10.45 I preached from Isaiah xlix. 14-16. It was a precious season. Good experience meeting in the afternoon; no time wasted; speaking and singing all the time. At night I preached from, 'Ye must be born again.' I have felt more in earnest many a time, but I was trusting in God to do the work. Twelve came out for salvation. One was a great, broad-set man, who, for years, has professed infidelity. He did not get through, but I do believe he will. Pray, especially for him. Several good cases last night, but several, like the poor infidel, did not get through. I cannot understand it; God was very near. As I went home after the meeting, this text kept ringing in my ears, "This kind cometh not out except by fasting and prayer." I have very little time here. I do so much visiting and preaching I have very little time for reading or study; still, He supplies my every need. I think I am getting stronger in body. I ought to do, for I am living well and working hard. My late landlady, in Stamford Street, is getting on well in her soul. Thank God!"

"Thursday, January 15th.—Up this morning at 6.30 a.m. God is wonderful. Hallelujah! I love Him more than ever I did. Glory! glory! After the meeting, I went to pray with a poor man, who is dying at a low public house. I did my best, and came away, but not without giving the landlady a good warning. Oh! may God convert her soul."

"Friday, January 17th.—This has, indeed, been a good day. I feel I don't know how to praise God enough for the manner in which He has answered prayer. I asked him to give me a praying heart, and He has done. This past week I do believe I have spent more time in prayer than ever I have done in two weeks before. I have spent this day in prayer and fasting, and have had some very

can, indeed, say the Spirit of the
because the Lord hath anointed me

realise a full salvation, O Hallelujah !
lean on the arm of Omnipotence ! The
has been a precious time of refreshing
of the Lord.

Our dear people are now in the enjoyment of
Oh, glory be to God. Many others see their
n, may God lead them on ! He is leading
h I have chosen."

y, January 23rd.—This morning I spent an
knees, but could not get the liberty I desired.
it did get better towards the close. In body I
and morbid. I suppose it is cold. May the dear
ve me from getting cold in my soul ! I don't seem
had done much to-day. The Lord was with us in
en-air to-night, and we had a meeting, though the
er was bitter cold. Our sailor brother, who got saved
unday last, spoke very nicely. He told the people
it was on that spot of ground, last Saturday, that the
rit of God touched his heart, stopped him from going to
e theatre, sent him to his ship under conviction, and,
nally led him to a pardoning God, and quenched the
brand in Jesu's blood. Glory !

"I believe someone else got touched.

"Oh ! for more of indwelling God. Amen, amen.

"We prayed God to give us the best day yesterday that
ever we have had in His service. Bless His name. He
answered prayer. At the 7 a.m. prayer meeting we had
thirty-one. It was a good time. Good day through-
out. At night I preached about being ambassadors
for Christ. Good influence ; nine came out for
salvation, some very good cases. Last Sunday night
we had a young girl, about eighteen, and last night
her father, mother, and sister. All good cases ; but the
father, he has not yet got into the liberty, but will sure to
do so, for he is very earnest. One very interesting case, a

[illegible]

I got a violent cold on my lungs and in my head.
I could not attend to the open-air work, so I
stayed at home with some of the brethren. The dear Lord
was wonderfully willing preaching. In the morning
He said, "The Lord smiteth upon the flood; yea,
the King for ever." It was a precious time.
He was very near, and His children did indeed get
close to Him. In the afternoon I administered the Sacrament—
and to my soul is always a blessed season. The
Lord seemed to fill the place. The veil was
drawn away, we entered the Holy of Holies, and the Great
One ministered unto us. He was really made
known to us in the breaking of bread.

all my wondering soul begin?
O Lord, O Lord, O Lord, O Lord,

all my wondering soul begin?
 If I all to Heaven aspire?'

The God of Glory reigneth. After tea my head was very bad, and I lay down for an hour, and let a Brother lead the open-air meeting, whom the Lord has just fully sanctified. When I got up my headache was entirely gone, and my voice quite clear. I preached from Romans iii. 22 and 23—'There is no difference, for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God.' It was a powerful meeting. Tears began to fall whilst we were singing the first hymn. All through the meeting the singing was something wonderful; sinners could hardly stand, and, at the close of the service, there was a general rush to the door, lots with the arrow deep in their hearts, and tears running down their faces.

"As soon as I began to preach, someone fainted, so I said, 'Look this way, friends, hold on to God, keep believing, and we shall have a lot fainting before we have done.' We had two; one young woman said, 'Oh! He cannot save me,' but He did, and in real good style. I had stopped her as she was stepping out, and when I asked her to give her heart to the Lord, tears rushed into her eyes; she threw her cloak on the floor and fell on the penitent form, and soon found peace. Others volunteered, and soon we had ten seeking mercy. It was a real salvation time.

"I am getting on well in my own soul. God blesses me wonderfully in private prayer. I generally, when well, get one-and-a-half hour a day in my closet; that is where I win the victories."

"Monday, February 3rd.—This morning I was very ill when I got up; my cold seemed worse. Oh, Hallelujah. I belong to God. After dinner, whilst praying in my room, I asked God where I ought to go this afternoon. I wanted Him to guide me. It was laid on my heart to go to Sister ———; so away I went. The first words she said, when she saw me, were, 'Oh, God has sent you; has He not?' I said 'Yes.' She told me she had been asking Him. When I got into the home, there was a young woman who was seeking salvation at our hall the night before. Down we went on our knees. I forgot I was poorly, and began

praying and singing ; the glory fell on us, and I do believe that she did get the peace though not filled with joy. Good meetings at night.

“Wednesday, February 5th.—Lately many have taken me by the hand, and said how thankful they were to Almighty God for sending me here. All this is encouraging, but I find, to keep from getting *proud*, I must live near to Him. I thank Him for showing me the danger. I took it to Him, and He showed me and I was melted into tears at the thought of what might have been done if I had but given Him the glory and trusted formore. Oh, Lord, do keep me very humble.

“I believe, with my whole heart, that what God has already done is only the earnest of that which is shortly, very shortly, coming. I have written to London to try and get permission to take the great Theatre in Lake-road for Sundays. Oh, Lord, do Thou guide us. The meeting to-night has been something splendid. Band of Sisters. ‘Saviour, take the power and glory, take the kingdom.’ ”

“Sunday, February 9th.—‘My beloved is mine, and I am His.’ This has been a remarkable day for spiritual blessing. God was in our midst all day. 7 a.m. twenty-seven present. Day was very wet and dirty.

“The experience meeting was a time of great power. The testimonies of a full salvation were enough to set fire to the coldest heart.

“At night the wet spoiled our congregation, still, we had a good time. There was a blessed influence whilst I sung

“‘Oh, the bitter shame and sorrow.’ ”

At the beginning of the prayer-meeting the Spirit seemed to take His flight, everything seemed to be getting lifeless. I was asking God to guide me what to do, when a little girl, about 15 or 16 years old, who got saved some few weeks ago, began to pray, in the power of the Holy Ghost. She has had a remarkable spirit of prayer this past few days and great weight of the souls of her own family ; one of her sisters was present, and it was on her behalf that she began to plead. Such pleading I have seldom or never

heard. She looked beautiful, as she said, 'Jesus, you know I am asking them as well as I know how. Do save her.' She must have prayed for a quarter of an hour, until she was completely worn out, and her sister's sobs and groans could be heard all over the place. The sister, who is four or five years older, came out and cried aloud for mercy and soon found peace. Then she went into a fit, and the devil presented such temptations in front of me in a moment as I never experienced before. He told me plainly she was going to die and be damned, there and then, because we had grieved the Spirit of God. I did not waver for one moment, but told God I believed he would put it all right, and there and then He filled my soul with the glory, and the young woman came round almost directly. The trial was fiery but soon over. God gave me this promise, 'Not one hair of thy head shall be hurt.' Glory to the Lamb for ever."

"Thursday, February 19th.—This morning I received a letter from London, containing instructions as to taking the Theatre. I have been looking for the proprietor, but the way seems dark. However, I mean to trust God. If it is His will I should have the Theatre, I *shall have* it, and nothing can hinder. I was greatly drawn towards going to London, but after asking God's advice, I was led not to go. The afternoon was very wet, so I stayed in, and wrote to London, and also sent up a short report. After tea, I went into my room; it was very dark, so I groped my way to my little corner, and was soon led into very near communication with God. It was a precious season to my soul. I more firmly than ever believe that He is going to endue me with the tongue of fire. O Lord, do let it come. Amen.

"To-night we have a good meeting in the open air. I do believe souls will be saved through it. Oh, my God, do give me a mighty day to-morrow."

"Monday, 17th.—This has been, perhaps, the best day I ever spent in the service of my King. I was up in good time, and after a little prayer, came down and wrote to

London; went to the post office with my letter, and called at the hall as I came back, and had a real good half-hour on my knees, and then came home to breakfast. After tea, as it was getting dark, I went to my room to pray. God drew me, and I followed on. Then came such a season as I never had before; my soul was wrapped up in the glory. Good meetings, very. Three sought mercy, 'If ye would but believe, ye should see the glory of God.'

"Tuesday, 18th.—Letter from London. It has been a good day. My hands have been full. Spent most of the day visiting. I have heard something that greatly pleased me about the little boy I baptized an Sunday. On Sunday night he was greatly interested in my discourse, and at the close, when I exhorted sinners to volunteer for salvation (to the penitent-form), he looked round expecting to see everyone in the place rush forward, and cry for mercy. When he saw no one come, he hung down his head, and sobbed aloud at the thought of sinners not loving Jesus. Soon after, I invited any sinner who wished to be prayed for to stand up this time. No one stood up, and again the little fellow wept as though his heart would break. The assembly was a good one, but I was not satisfied, for time was wasted by them waiting one for another. I gave them a sharp rebuke, and then closed the meeting without giving them a chance. It did them good. Hallelujah!"

"Last Wednesday afternoon, at our Cottage meeting, the power of God was greatly felt. He laid hold of one young woman, and shook her up in fine style, so I went and knelt by her, and began to pray until she rolled on the floor. Oh, Hallelujah; She said she was lost, and then asked for a drink of water, but could not touch it, so I threw some in her face. (They say I'm awfully hard-hearted), then she began to plead at a mighty rate, and soon shouted out, 'I'm saved if anybody ever was,' Two found peace at this meeting.

"Yesterday was the best Sunday we have had here yet. In the morning I preached from Jude xxiv. I did not get my text until a few minutes before I had to preach, but

God gave me the Holy Ghost, and I went in right and left on Perfect Love. Good time in the afternoon. At night we both went in with all our might. Brother ——— is very uncultivated; but last night, God gave him the Spirit, and he talked well for thirteen minutes, then I went in for thirty minutes, with some of the plainest language I ever used. The Word of God was, indeed, sharper than any two-edged sword. I took my text, 'Let us alone.' I told the people that I had taken my text out of the Devil's mouth, and warned them against allowing it to become the language of their hearts. I told them they could stand any amount of preaching, if it was not the sort calculated to reach them. For instance, a young lady could spend hours adorning her body, and go and sit in church, and enjoy the sermon as much as anyone, until the man of God began to heap the wrath of God on conformity to the world, and plainly tell them that they would go to hell with their fashions on their backs, then, in a moment, they would cry out, 'Let us alone.' Again, the Teetotaller could sit in an ecstasy of joy, and hear a man preach about drunkards being cast into the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone, but directly he went a little further, and said there is no difference, and the unsaved teetotaller would go to the drunkard's hell, then he cried out, 'Let us alone.'

"The slain of the Lord were many. Thirteen came out for salvation; some volunteering; one fell full length on the floor, and all seemed real cases, and made a good profession. A gentleman put £1 into my hand, to help towards the work. Thank God for everything.

"We open the Theatre next Sunday. I have three brothers from Salisbury coming; they play brass instruments. I want you to make it a special matter of prayer; they will talk five minutes each, and then, if they don't strike fire, I shall try to preach; if they make a good hit I shall just exhort with all my might, and go into prayer meeting. I have got a lot of the best little girls you ever saw in your life. I am going to have a meeting

for them, and lead it myself. You ask me if I get any more money yet. No, and I don't expect to whilst I am here. They still persist in me having a young man, and that will always keep me poor. If I would only think about such things Satan would bother me, but I leave it with the Master. I believe more than ever I am going to see such soul-saving work that few men have seen. May God hasten the day."

"February 25th.—Thank God for the encouragement He is already giving us of His willingness to save sinners. As I go about I meet one and another whom the Spirit is deeply convincing of sin. To-day I went to visit Brother and Sister ———. They had a dear woman there washing, so I began to sing, 'Yet there is room.' After a time she turned to Mrs. ———, and said that she should not be able to sleep all night; so I asked her to come in, and let us have a word of prayer. That frightened her, and she said 'she would not pray for anything, it would make her so miserable.' We prayed for her, and I do believe God will save her soul. I have got the large bills out for Sunday next. Oh, that God may give us that Theatre full of deeply-convicted sinners! I long to see them fall like men slain in mighty battle. I know that a great deal must depend on how close I live to the Master. I want to be so filled with the Spirit of prayer that I can shake Heaven, and plead till sinners fall in every direction. It shall be done."

"Wednesday, February 26th.—These last few days I have been jealous lest I should, through neglect, lose the spirit of prayer which God has so bountifully blessed me with. Before I came to live here, it used to be hard work to pray any length of time, especially in private; so I pleaded with God to give me a praying heart. He answered my prayer, and, since then, I have been enabled to lay hold of God at any time, and at any place, both on my own behalf, and on behalf of others. But, owing to my body being out of order, and through great drowsiness from ill-health (perhaps I ought not to lay it all to that;

Dear Father, save me from negligence), I have not had so much liberty. By His help, I will be more careful. 'O that my every power may glorify Thee, and Thee alone.' I have also noticed of late (to God be all the glory) that my prayers have had great effect upon others. My words have had, I do believe, the Holy Spirit in them. O for more humility to serve my Master, wholly and holily! Grant it, dear Lord, for Thy Son's sake. Amen, amen."

"Saturday, March 1st.—I was up this morning in good time. I find that the morning is the best time for Bible reading and prayer. After a good night's rest my head seems clear, and I can think and talk with God with more liberty than at any other time. In the afternoon Brother ——— and I took about 1,500 handbills to the Dock gates, to distribute to the workmen as they went home. When I saw them coming out in hundreds, and such a lot of fine fellows as they are, my heart was drawn out towards them, and I felt as though I would like to lay down and die to save their souls. But, bless God, my Jesus has done that, and now it is my work to publish it to them. Oh, may God give me wisdom to do it in the most telling manner. 'Lord, make me wise to win souls.' We had a nice open-air meeting at night. The Spirit of God was present. Dear Lord, do make me a holy soul-winner."

"March 3rd.—Yesterday was our first day at the Theatre. I had done my best to make it a real good go. We published over 5,000 bills, and missioned all round the Theatre. The place was nicely filled; good order; good offerings.—I don't know exactly what, but I believe very good. I had engaged three converted musicians, who play brass instruments. It went first class. They played to the singing. Two of them spoke for a few minutes, and then I preached for thirty-five minutes, after I had sung, 'Yet there is room.' The mighty power of God was in the place, and sinners trembled beneath the sword of the Spirit. ☩

"Of course, it being the first night, there was a certain amount of commotion before we could get into the prayer

meeting (we shall improve on that); but as soon as we did, a fine young man staggered beneath his weight of guilt to the penitent form, and fell full length across it, and cried for mercy, and soon disturbed the meeting by shouting, 'Glory to God!' Besides him, we only had one young woman come out, and she got well saved. Then, as soon as I had closed the meeting, we found two penitents; so we brought them home, and prayed until God spoke peace to their souls. Two of the cases last night were the clearest I have ever witnessed.

"But I have begun at the wrong end of the day first. The 7 a.m. prayer meeting was a good one. The Spirit of God was there, and where He is there is liberty. In the morning I took the whole service, and preached from Heb. xii. 1, 2 (about running our race). The Holy Ghost was present, and the people seemed to be quickened thereby. A lot of our people have got holiness of heart, and promise well to shake the town from end to end. Others are seeking the blessing. Sinners are bound to feel it, and fall beneath the power of God, for

"The world cannot withstand
Its ancient Conqueror;
And sin must sink beneath the hand
That arms us for the war."

"In the afternoon I administered the Sacrament. It was a precious season. The weather is splendid, like summer; sun shining gloriously. Do pray much for our Theatre services, and get every one else to pray.

"We expect to see big men and women fall full length on the floor; we have seen a little of it, but nothing to what we are going to see. Keep believing. You must, please, excuse this scribble; I am in no humour to write this morning; I want a walk to put me straight. I go in thick and fast. Oh, Hallelujah! I mean to be faithful, and have an abundant entrance at last."

It was just at this time that he nobly arranged to receive a brother, who was in very delicate health, in the hope that the sea air might do him good. Poor as he

necessarily was himself, he was eager to share his little with his brother, and so to cheer his mother's heart. He came to London to meet his brother, and next writes :—

"Friday, March 7th.—This morning I attended the prayer meeting at Whitechapel. We had a blessed time. It did my soul good to be in that little upper room once more. Got several books. Left London for Portsmouth at 4 p.m. Got home saved and sound. Thank God for ever !

"Holiness meeting at night ; good time. Three Sisters and Brother ——— and myself testified to His power to save. Miss B. came out to seek purity."

"Tuesday, March 18th.—A week ago last Sunday, in the Theatre, a fine, healthy young woman, who has long resisted the strivings of the Spirit, was again invited to give her heart to God. She laughed, and proudly tossed up her head, as she left the place. To-day she is fast dying. I have been twice to see her, and she seems truly penitent. Oh, may God forgive her !

"To-night we had three Sisters, and then I spoke for about fifteen minutes. God blessed us, and did us good."

"20th March.—To-day the young woman spoken of on Tuesday has passed away, leaving a slight hope that God had pardoned her.

"A young man, who tried to stop our procession a few Sundays ago, has died suddenly. Oh, may God arouse the people to righteousness !"

"Saturday, March 22nd.—To-day I have been blessed while preparing my subjects for to-morrow. That man who said God would never bless the minister who left his Sunday discourse for Saturday composition cannot have had to talk every night to the same congregation, or, methinks he would have been of different opinion. God does help and bless me abundantly, and I want a heart to praise Him for it.

"At night I just walked down to the open-air meeting, and spoke for a few minutes, and then came away, for I dared not stand in the cold.

“ Oh, for more prayer and more power !

“ The way the work is going on does not satisfy me, souls are not being saved fast enough. The fact is we are troubled with a few members who want to have things done just in their own way, and that will never do. Some of them will have to bend or else break. Then, again, we have a lot who could trust God if they could see signs and wonders, but do not seem to lay hold as they ought ; they would like to be in our little hall, on a Sunday night, for then they could sit comfortably at their ease, but in the Theatre they have to put up with a little inconvenience. While things are like this the work cannot go, for we are not united. Still, thank God, I have a few round me who feel the weight of souls at their hearts, some two or three to such an extent that they cannot rest, but are pleading day and night with God for the salvation of sinners.

“ Things being like this, you do not know the temptations. I sometimes seem to settle down into the ordinary routine of a minister, instead of remembering that the path I have chosen and that God chose for me is that of a mighty soul-winner. Oh ! may God deliver me from ever growing formal ! Like Samson, I have at times to get up and shake myself. Yesterday was a real good day in everything but souls—only two. Had we only had a lot of souls it would have been the best day that we have had, for the Spirit of God was very present in our meetings. In the 7 a.m. prayer-meeting we had a blessed time. God came very near, and one soul sought and found peace. In the morning, I preached from St. John xiv. 6, ‘ I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life, no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.’ God gave me unusual liberty. In the afternoon, we had our usual experience meeting. At the opening of the meeting we asked one or two to pray, and they began, and went in, one after another, in fine style. The Spirit of God fell on us, and there was no stopping. One followed another in the liberty of the Holy Ghost, then we sung on our knees, and then the praying began again until everyone was on fire. Then followed

some real experiences of burning love and zeal. Oh! that the flame may spread from heart to heart.

"If we were but united with such a spirit as this in our midst, we should shake the town. Do pray to God to make bare His arm in our midst. In the Theatre, at night, Bro. ——— and I addressed the meeting. God gave us that help we so much needed, and sinners were pricked to the heart, but only one was saved. I asked one man to give his heart to God, and he said he wanted to do so, and asked me to pray for him, so I told him to kneel down, he said he dare not for his heart nearly beat out of his body already. May God serve many more the same way. Do pray for the Theatre. I know God directed me to take it.

"You say you think you will be able to get to Portsmouth before I leave. Well, I hope you will; but, you must remember, in a fortnight I shall have been so long here as I was in Coventry. Oh! how the time flies. My verse for to-day is, 'So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.' Oh, may he do so.

"I cannot tell when they will move me, but I should think not before August. You ask how we get on for money. Well, I suppose it takes about all I get to keep us going.

"*"I will trust and not be afraid, for the Lord Jehovah is my strength."*

"March 31st.—Well, this is Quarter Day. My insurance money, 10s. 6d., is due, and I have nothing to pay it with. Such were my thoughts when I got up this morning. But just after breakfast, I received the attached note, with half a shoulder of mutton and 10s., for which I thanked God from the bottom of my soul:—

"My dear Mr. Irons,

"I rise from my knees, feeling I must send to you. I awoke this morning, feeling you stood in need, but have hesitated sending, fearing to offend you. However, I ask you to accept this trifle as from God for your own

use. I know your own dear mother is far away, and I have a dear boy of my own. Continue to pray for me, please.

"'I send you half of my dinner, but it had better be used to-day.'"

"This morning I went to see Brother ——— at Stamshaw; found him much better in body. After dinner I did some more visiting, and came home to tea about 5 p.m. Good open-air meeting. I prayed to God to keep those young men quiet, and He did, and we had a very attentive meeting.

"My own experience is not very bright. I am far from being strong in body, and I feel that that robs my soul. I don't seem to have any heart to pray—no determination to wrestle until I prevail. I have still the strong desire to be one of God's mighty men, but feel too weak to push forward.

"Dear Father, do, for Jesu's sake, strengthen me in body and in soul. Thou knowest I long to be mighty in pulling down the stronghold of sin. Draw me nearer; keep me faithful.

"Good open-air meeting at night, after which we found a fine-looking sailor under deep conviction; so we took him down to the Hall, and prayed until he professed to have found peace. Thank God!"

"April 3rd.—Up again in good time this morning, and had a profitable hour with God and His Word. Spent most of the day visiting again.

"Thank God, I feel that I am growing in my soul—dead, indeed, unto sin, looking unto Jesus, rejoicing in the Lord. I see what it is to be perfect, yet not perfected. The precious blood cleanseth from all sin. The Holy Spirit delights to dwell in me; still, I feel my need of wisdom, for I am afraid I often grieve Him through ignorance and unbelief. But, there, I'm looking again on self instead of Jesus.

"Oh, Thou who art the Life, the Truth, and the Way,

keep my eyes so fixed on Thee that I shall see nothing else. Amen, amen."

"Good open-air meeting at Gospel Tree."

"April 4th.—Through the grace of God this has been the best Friday I have had for some weeks. Charlie is still with me; therefore I refrain from fasting in his presence; but I got him to go for a long walk, and he did not get back until after three o'clock, so that I had a precious time alone with my Saviour. I feel sometimes I should like to go right away from my friends and everything else for a time to get alone with Him, that I might learn of Him the things pertaining to the kingdom of Heaven, and be better learned to preach His glorious Gospel. Oh, blessed Master! teach me, by Thy Spirit, to learn of Thee. Give me the Spirit that shall guide me unto all truth. I am getting drawn nearer: I know I am. Oh! may every vain thought be taken out of me.

"To-night I preached from Matthew v. 48: 'Be ye perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.' God helped me, but, oh! how humble and ashamed I felt as I was talking; but, bless God! good was done; His Spirit was cutting deep. Hallelujah!"

"Saturday, April 5th.—Just one year to-day since I left home to come into this work. As I look back upon it I feel ashamed of how little has been done. If it should please Almighty God to spare me another year, by His help it shall shine brighter. May I enter upon it endued with the mighty power of God, and spend it every moment to His glory. Oh! to be a flame of fire. Oh, God! supply the cravings of my soul. I will go now and seek His face. I find Him all I used to do. Oh! for grace to ever look right from self to Him. He satisfieth my soul."

"Sunday, April 6.—This was a good day, from morning to night. God was with us, and we were blessed. Hallelujah! At night, the congregation in the Theatre was poor, but the meeting was good. Three souls professed to find peace, and all appeared to be very good cases. I

shall have to give up the Theatre, because we are running into debt, and many of the people are not going in to help me. Bless God for ever, He is still the same."

"Tuesday, April 8th. — Last night, I preached from Luke xiii. 24, 'Strive to enter in at the strait gate.' God gave me liberty, and at the close of the service, a poor, wretched woman, who has been under conviction for about a fortnight, came out, and, throwing off her bonnet and shawl, fell down, and cried aloud for mercy. She did not find peace, but went away to plead with God until she got the victory. May God fully save her.

"To-day I have done a very hard day's visiting. As I have been going about I have felt that God has been my constant (shall I say companion). Oh! what an infinitely blessed privilege is ours, not only to be at peace with God, but to realize Him to be a constant friend, with whom I may walk and talk. I have also felt that I have taken fresh cold through getting wet through, when out to visit one of my converts, who is ill."

"Wednesday, April 9th.—I have had a very restless night; no rest or sleep; feel very bad. Kept my bed all day; kept my peace, too. Oh! it is good—

"My Jesus to know, and feel His blood flow,
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below."

One text has followed me throughout the day— 'He hath poured out his soul unto death.'"

"Thursday, April 10th. — Still very ill, I have had no sleep all night. Charlie has been for Dr. Green, his advice is, 'keep your bed for a few days, and take care; you will soon be better.' Hallelujah! Not one wave of trouble rolls across my peaceful breast. Telegraphed to London for someone to take my place on Sunday next."

"Friday, April 11th. — Friday good, rather better this morning. I got a little sleep about three o'clock this afternoon (the first since Tuesday). I am glad to learn that we have had a very successful tea and meeting at the hall. Quite a full place. Thank God for His goodness."

“Saturday, April 12th.—Still very ill, though I have had more sleep. Bro. ——— has come from London to take charge of the services to-morrow. Mr. W. B. Booth has written me to keep quiet, and not to come out until quite better. Bro. ——— called in to see me. I am, after all, only a poor sinner, saved by grace. But, oh! who can tell the riches that there are in that? Hallelujah!”

“Wednesday, April 16th.—Still ill in body, I am doing nothing except patiently sitting still, and leaving all to God. I am in the hands of a loving father. Hallelujah!”

“Thursday, April 17th.—Nothing fresh except the love of God.”

“Saturday, 19th.—Went out a little to-day. Making preparation for duty to-morrow. May the Lord uphold me.”

“Monday, April 21st.—Thank God for His goodness to me yesterday. He did, indeed, uphold me by His free Spirit. In the morning, I preached on ‘His fulness,’ from Eph. iii. 13 to end. I believe His people got blessed. Bro. ——— took the service for me in the afternoon, and at night he preached, after which I gave an exhortation, with all my might, for about fifteen minutes. Two seekers.

“To-day, I don’t feel much good, for I am tired out with yesterday. This afternoon I had a precious time with Jesus in my room.

“Good meeting. Bro. Edmonds preached.”

“Saturday, April 26th.—The Master is growing nearer and dearer each day I live. I know that He is leading me on. Sometimes, when I look back at the entries in this book, it seems to read as though I was satisfied with myself; that is not the case, and I trust I have never made an entry in that spirit. My sufficiency and satisfaction has been alone in Him. Oh, that I might never see nor hear of self again. I want him to be dead, buried, and no resurrection, and Christ alone to occupy this clay.

“The language is strong. Still Father knows what my heart means. To-day I have wonderful liberty of mind in preparing for Sunday evening, thank God. To-night, we have had a splendid open-air service. The Spirit of the Lord was very present. Hallelujah!”

“Wednesday, April 30th.—Thank God, I have the assurance that I am growing spiritually; slowly, yet, without doubt truly. I see, at times, many things which I know hinder me, not sins for there is no condemnation; I cannot say that they are mine, but seem to beset my path. I know that constantly I have the witness of the indwelling Spirit, shedding light abroad in my heart and mind, and bearing faithful and unmistakable evidence to a heart wholly given up to God. I am conscious that is a great and solemn declaration. But long enough I stumbled, through looking at the mighty change that must be wrought before I could have a clean heart, instead of looking at the mighty Jesus who was to work that change. Dear Saviour, keep my eye fixed on thee. Amen.

“We had a good band meeting in the hall, addressed by Sisters ———. Oh! it was a precious time, thank God.”

“Saturday, May 3rd.—The dear Lord is blessing my soul in a wonderful manner. He is filling my soul with love. Oh, Hallelujah! I have prayed much for God to give me His message to the people for to-morrow, but cannot get a word. Still, that does not disturb me; my peace flows like a river. Glory!

“Good open-air service, after which we found two young women under deep conviction. I had just received a note to go and visit Brother ———, who had fallen from a scaffold; so I sent them, in charge of some Sisters, to Mrs. ———’s house. After visiting my patient, and talking to his wife till she broke right up, I set out for Sister ———, and found that God had saved both the young women. Hallelujah! Glory to God and the Lamb!”

CHAPTER VII.

THE END.

THE beautiful story of the last chapter, the story of a life of faith on the Son of God, can need little to add to its weight. Here we have a young man, with but brief experience in the service of the Lord, maintaining, in spite of bodily infirmities, a glorious struggle for the kingdom of His Master, and leading others—some of them much older than himself—both in natural and spiritual life.

The last few records tell the not surprising, though sad, fact that Ted found himself overmatched in the great conflict; and yet it is very doubtful indeed whether any officer, except one possessed of the very first qualities and the fullest experience, would have done better than he did. Even The Salvation Army, extreme as its action is thought to be, frequently needs reinforcement to carry it on to continual victory. The very force which once seemed perfectly overwhelming and irresistible becomes, after a time, perhaps, so settled in and attached to certain particular lines that almost a revolution is needed to clear the way for any great further advance.

We have seen how frequently Ted was in the habit of

"preaching" to these people. This was a yielding to their wishes which could only bring about the exhaustion and defeat of both preachers and people. The system so generally prevalent in the world, whereby service after service is taken up by one man, and the vast majority of God's people are trained generally to sit and listen, is a system entirely without sanction either in the Old or New Testament—a system utterly opposed to the very idea of spiritual religion, and which can only minister idleness and disgrace to the hearers. The moment a set of people are allowed to think that God is pleased that they shall sit still and be "fed," good-bye to godly manhood, good-bye to real devotion, good-bye to fighting, good-bye to victory. The only sort of worship God has ever valued is that which flows from the heart, and, therefore, quite as much from the heart of the ignorant as the learned, quite as much from that of the young as the old. "In His temple doth every one speak of His glory." Such is the only state of things that can ever accomplish the purposes of God in the heart of every one.

This does not in the least set aside the work of the preacher, or make light of preaching God's grand plan for saving souls. On the contrary, it makes everyone of His own more or less a preacher, so that "ye may all prophesy one by one;" and each one may still have plenty of time and opportunity to minister according to the measure of the gift of Christ.

It is undoubtedly true that God helped him marvellously in his preaching. But for this, he and many another preacher would indeed come badly off. The Lord has many babies in His family, and has so few real soldiers under His command, that, but for His condescending willingness to bless us at all times and in all manner of

ways, not according to what our need ought to be, but according to what it is, His kingdom would, indeed, almost sink out of existence altogether. Ted was the victim of a set of circumstances he had not created, and had not yet found out how to set aside. All the more do we glory in the grace which sustained him under so unreasonably exhausting a station. It is for others to reap the benefit of his painful experiences by avoiding resolutely the snares which so plagued him.

The same wretched human influences which favoured the silence of most of the Lord's witnesses in so many services, actually closed the lips of the youngest of the converts—those splendid girls he mentions altogether! Here is another example of the way in which the principles of true spiritual religion are utterly pushed aside by the proud, impudent spirit of the world.

There is not, in all God's Book, one single line which favours a distinction between the old and the young, merely on account of the number of days they have been in the world! The system by which old and young are separated and are separately dealt with, is at utter variance with the simplest principles of common sense as well as of religion. What, pray, is the difference between a soul of eight and a soul of eighty? And where does God ever speak of dealing with human beings otherwise than as souls as persons? In nothing has the Devil more splendidly exhibited his skill than in continuing to separate "the little ones" from the grown-up people in the services wherein God expressly laid it down that they should be brought. Every now and then we have some charming account, such as Ted gives us himself at page 60, how some child, by testimony or prayer, brings about victory such as was never before seen, and everybody ex-

claims, "How beautiful!" Yet the whole body of the Lord's people wipe their eyes after reading or hearing of such events, and quietly resign themselves to the existing order of things, by which the most simple, the most unaffectedly earnest of God's children and witnesses, are kept out of the field—shut up and left! Had Ted insisted upon having the same perfect liberty for the least as for the greatest, he would doubtless speedily have seen around him a host of men and women ready for any requirement. But who can blame him that he was not strong enough to stem all alone the tide of custom, and to break away on a course more daring than perhaps The Army has yet attained fully anywhere? He did his best with the older people under his control; but when he needed their zealous and determined support in the grand endeavour to run a theatre in the summer season for Christ, who can wonder that he found them unfit for the effort, and that he was almost overcome himself by the dreadful strain thrown upon his almost solitary faith and love? He did what he could, and left, almost in his blood, a record which may guide others away from the ambushes into which he fell to the perfect victory for which he longed.

"Oh, this cursed respectability!" he bitterly exclaims, in one of his last letters to head-quarters. "I shall be known, the next station I go to, as 'Ted' from the first."

"And, by God's help, I'll make the Devil sit up yet."

It increases our rejoicing over all his triumphs to notice against how many difficulties he contended. It was only too true that he was, as he loved to tell, running a handicap for Christ. We have remarked upon some of the circumstances which handicapped—which crippled him. But the following testimonies show how well he ran:—

When arrived at Portsmouth, he was disdained on

account of his youth. "What can this stripling do?" said some. It was soon found out he had more vital godliness, a richer experience, a deeper insight into the spiritual meaning of the Word, than most that were his senior by years; and soon they were glad to sit at his feet and receive instruction from his lip. He began on a Friday night always to preach Holiness, and as he showed what God required, and what was their glorious privilege, through faith in the power of Jesus Christ, to give the victory over sin daily, they kicked very much, saying, impossible; but they soon found out that what was not possible with them was with God, when He came into the soul with mighty power; and the one who was the loudest in denouncing this truth was the first to seek, find, and prove the reality of it, as she confessed, with many others, on the Sunday afternoon. The following are notes of some of the testimonies:—

"I wanted something I had not got, and found it under Brother Irons' preaching. Before he came I was very cold, but now my soul is full, and I am truly happy."

"Three months ago I got that great big blessing, and shall for ever praise God for sending him to Portsmouth."

"The fourth Friday night he was here I obtained the blessing of perfect love. Thank my gracious Lord!"

"I have been saved five years, but got a very great blessing since Brother Irons came. I am saved now from my tempter. There is now no ill-feeling and words between me and my wife. He brought me to live nearer to my God, and consequently I am much happier."

"I had used to live under clouds before he came, but now I know where I am. I can see I am saved."

"When he first came to Portsmouth he made us very miserable, but, bless God, he stayed long enough to make us happy through Christ. I have got the blessing of Sanctification."

"I bless God for sending him here, for before I led a sort of up and down life, sometimes overcome by sins, and the least thing my husband did put me out, and I had words with him. Now my temper is gone. I am, through the power of God in me, a daily conqueror."

"I got the blessing about four months ago. Before that I was constantly overcome by my temper. The Bible is a new book to me. I can now appropriate the promises."

"I've months ago I was up on a Sunday morning knocking up the landlords to let me have more of that liquid fire that was burning inside me; but now I am saved, and washed in the blood of the Lamb."

"that saved me in the Theatre, and I shall ever bless the Lord for sending him to preach there that night."

"I was a great drunkard, but to-day I am a saved man, have no desire for drink, and have got the blessing of sanctification, although I have only been saved a month. My mother left me on the altar when she died, seven weeks ago. Brother Irons asked me if I was saved. I said, 'I hope so.' He said, 'You must get a bit further than that.' He led me to Christ, and I am saved."

"It was in the open air where I was convinced of sin by hearing him sing—

"Happy if with my latest breath,
I may but gasp His name;"

and then the Spirit of God led me to the Hall, and I was saved."

"Under the tree I heard him sing—

"Is there anybody here that wants salvation?"

and I followed to the Hall, and, at the close of the service, he came straight from the platform, took me by the hand, and led me up to Christ. I got converted at 8.45 that night. I began to speak as soon as he asked me afterwards. He said to me, 'Harry, if you want to get near the throne, live for souls. Pray earnestly for God and souls. If you want to get near me in heaven, get near the

stone.' Every time he got hold of my hand he would say, 'Go in, and make the shavings fly.'"

"I heard him first in the open air, three weeks before I got converted. I used to walk about smoking, and go into beershops on a Sunday. When I came to the Hall, after he had done speaking, he came and took me by the shoulder, and asked me if I would give God my heart, and I came out and found mercy. One evening, at the open-air, three weeks after my conversion, he said to me, 'Do you think you are saved?' Yes, I said. 'Then why don't you speak?' he asked; and so I did, and I mean to."

"I was getting more hardened than the infidels. My parents were godless. I used to persecute the people under the Gospel Tree, and try to upset the meetings; but he used to say, 'Treat him with kindness; he'll be saved.' And so I was."

"Our dear departed Brother T. Irons I shall never forget, he having been the means God used in bringing me to see my need of a Saviour. It was on February 23rd, in the evening, I sat under him, and he made the remark that God had striven with us many times, but that we resisted Him; but I did not know how he meant that God had strove with us, and, just as if he knew it, he pointed out, in many ways, how God does it; and he said, 'Now, some of you here have a desire to do better, and God gives you that desire; but,' he said, 'some of you will resist, and go away more hardened. You were here last Sunday, and God strove with you, and you were asked to give God your heart, but you would not;' and that was true concerning me. I felt all the time he was talking to me, and I was afraid to look up. I wished I was out of the place, but he went on, and at last he said, 'God has said, 'My Spirit shall not always strive with man.' It went home to me, and something told me, this is your last chance. Oh, how wretched I felt! I wished they were at the prayer meeting. At last, however, they began to pray for souls. How I did weep, and wish someone would come and ask me to go out. I should have went out myself, but

there were five in the seat where I was sitting, and I was in the middle, and they all had their heads bowed in prayer, so I did not like to disturb them; but time went on; some were out at the form being prayed for, and no one came to me. I began to despair.

"At last, I had a look to see if anyone was coming to me, and Bro. Irons caught sight of me. I dropped my head, and wished he would come to me. At last, I felt a hand on my shoulder, and he asked me if I was saved. I answered No. 'Do you want to be?' A-yes. 'Come on, and we'll pray for you.' Out I went. He said, 'Now, tell God all about it,' and I did roar for mercy. He encouraged me by saying, 'That's it; tell Him all about it.' At last, I was done for. I felt weary and ill. He came and asked me if Jesus saved me. Not understanding what he meant at the time, I never answered. He then said, 'Now you are sorry for all your past life.' 'A-yes.' 'And you are determined, by God's help, to lead a new life.' A-yes. 'And do you believe Jesus died for you, has paid the debt, is willing to forgive you, does forgive you?' A-yes. I felt relieved, saw it in a moment. Glory be to God. He says, 'Get up, and thank God.' I sung the Doxology with all my heart. May we go on in the strength of the Lord, conquering and to conquer. Amen. All for Jesus' sake.

"But he always seemed full of the Holy Ghost. All his aim and object seemed to be to glorify God, and get souls saved. I never saw anything the least wrong with him."

"One who kept house for him for months says:—"All the time I was there my soul was blessed. He was just like a sunbeam. It always seemed summer-time with him, and the power of God seemed to shine through him. Every Friday he spent in fasting and prayer. On a Sunday morning I used to feel as full that I hardly knew how to stay in the Hall."

"He was very happy, and always happy. He always had a cheerful word for everyone; though, of course, sometimes, when things were crooked, the Devil troubled

him much, and he was downcast. I never knew anybody like it in my life. When you were talking to him you could feel like jumping. I have felt so that I could not talk."

Surely, if there were a life which we would wish to see prolonged, it is such a life as this! Surely if we could wish for anyone the very utmost extreme of strength and energy it would be for such a labourer. But God's ways are not as ours. Instead of the removal which we had arranged to another command, Captain was to be suddenly swept away to the hosts around the throne. It may be some sorry consolation to us that his delicate and already overwrought frame could not much longer have borne the toils his loving spirit must always have demanded. However this may be, we gather reverently around his last moments, with a hearty Amen to his prayer, that his death may slay more than his life.

On Thursday, May 22nd, he writes in his diary—

"Thursday, May 22nd.—Oh! what a poor, unfaithful creature I am. Sometimes, when I sit down to write in this diary I feel I cannot put the real experience of my hidden life, which none but the eye of God sees. What a tale of unfaithfulness it would be. Even now Satan is trying to puff me up, but, my God, Thou knowest that I long to know none but Thee, to seek no glory but Thine. Oh, breathe into me the Spirit of Christ. Humble me in the dust, yea, if Thou wilt, humble me before the world. Give me a holy hatred for sin; give me a faithful, straightforward heart. Do, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

"The open-air meeting to-night was one of the best I was ever in."

"Friday, May 23rd.—'What shall I do?'

"The above text is as much the language of my heart as it was of those dear people in Apostolic days. 'I am not a bright and shining light' my prayer has many a time

The Last Day.

been. Oh! Lord make me wise to win souls; but, oh, would to God that my life had cried it more. The well cannot point at me, and say I am a hypocrite. My brethren cannot say I live inconsistent, but, oh, God is my judge.

"Dear Father, I am conscious I had better burn this book than sit here and write this, unless I know it is to be heartfelt experience. 'What shall I do?' I give over doing. Jesus, Thou art my all. Praise Thy dear name.

"I do love God; I cannot help it. Hallelujah!

"Very good meeting. 'That night,' says one, he turned our hearts right out, not a sin escaped him; then showed us what we might be through Christ dwelling in us.

" 'That day,' says his housekeeper, 'he seemed more kind than ever.' When he came from the meeting, he said he felt as weary and tired he could lie down on the kitchen floor and sleep. When I went into his room, the last thing, he was writing alone, and, knowing how tired he was, I begged him to go to bed.

"The next morning, he got up and lit the fire, a thing I knew him to do before. Before I was up, I heard him shouting and singing downstairs. When I got down, he was sitting in his room, reading the Bible by the window. He seemed cheerful and bright. He was singing that morning—

" 'Oh, when shall I sweep through the gates?' and when he came to that part

" 'I'll shout through the gates as I go,' he remarked to me. 'And I will shout too!'

"He had told me the night before that he was going out to bathe with ———, because he thought he had an influence over him for good. He went to Mrs. ——— to breakfast, telling me he would be back by-and-bye for a letter from Headquarters. He came for the letter, and opened it, and told me where he was appointed to go, and who was to come here, and with that he said, 'I'll tell you

more another time.' Turning back, just as he had closed the door, he added, 'If I never come back, I'll go sweeping through the gates.'

"Arrived at the beach, his young companion says, 'He swam straight out, three-quarters of a mile or more, towards a buoy, and then turned back. I stayed near a yacht, which was anchored much nearer the shore. I had not the least suspicion of danger. But when he was about two stones' throw from me, I noticed that he seemed to be quite fatigued, and unable to get along at all, and then he called out, 'Can you lend me a hand, old fellow?' I swam out, and got behind him, and pushed him towards the yacht. I got to it with him, and clung on with one hand, and held him with the other. He was full of water, and insensible. The tide was pulling me away from the yacht, so I let go and put both my arms round him, and we sunk together."

A few minutes later, a boatman, who had seen what was going on, succeeded in grasping and dragging into his boat this young man, who received the certificate of the Royal Humane Society, for the noble attempt he made to rescue his friend; but Capt. Ted had sunk away through the gates to a brighter shore.

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